

The

SATURDAY REVIEW

No. 4074. Vol. 156
25 NOVEMBER, 1933

The Paper that puts the Empire first

The World's Armies under the "Peace" Pacts



Reproduced by courtesy of the "Daily Express."

France with her African reserves could mobilise 6,000,000 men overnight. Italy could raise 4,500,000 troops. Poland and Jugo-Slavia, both allies of France, each can call up 1,200,000 men. Germany, restricted to 100,000 men, has a "Shadow Army," of at least 1,500,000 Nazi Storm Troops. Britain's mobilised strength is 281,000 men—less than that of some Balkan States.

Notes of the Week

A Willing Witness

Lady Houston has received the following note:
"If your Ladyship is placed in the Dock, may I hope that you will call me as witness; for, as a foreign observer of the British debacle under the present régime, and having tried in a similar manner to insult the conscienceless Prime Minister, I feel that I could worthily back your assertions as being the full TRUTH."

♦♦

Dead as Mutton

The political event of the week has been the desertion by Sir Herbert Samuel and some thirty Liberals of the Conservatives to whose votes in the constituencies they owe their seats.

This is rank ingratitude, even if we grant the assertion of *The Sunday Times* that temperamentally 90 per cent. of the electors are Liberal, or nothing at all. Not that the desertion of the Samuelites makes any difference politically, for the Liberal Party is dead as mutton, or Queen Anne, or a door-nail.

Thirty votes means sixty on a division, but what is that subtracted from 470 votes? Solemnly, as is his way, Sir Herbert Samuel carries a corpse

across the floor of the House of Commons, and plops it down behind Kerenski Cripps and the Poplar Pantaloon. There let it lie. We will not treat it as the bones of a monster, but neither will we handle it as the relics of a saint. Asquith and Lloyd George have killed it between them, a murder most foul and unnatural.

♦♦

Pantaloon & Kerenski

To be sure, if the alabaster saint, as Jack Seely dubbed Mr. Runciman, and if "Slimy Simon," as Lloyd George called that most eminent lawyer, were also to desert, it would be more serious, as sixty Liberals would mean 120 on a division, which is rather a gap in the Tory ranks. But what chance is there that the solid commercial classes, who have gained considerably by our mild protection, and that most powerful of all Trade Unions, the lawyers, would range themselves behind the Poplar Pantaloon and that unscrupulous revolutionary, Sir Kerenski Cripps, who have written confiscation and robbery on their banner? Absolutely none. Their natural and real leader would, of course, be Mr. Ramsay MacDonald, who will probably be found on another field of Culloden, with his dirk and plaid at the head of the clans.

Anywhere but Geneva

The question of Disarmament is as old as the hills. In the summer of 1921, when Lord Lee handed over Chequers to the Prime Minister, Mr. Harvey was there as the American Ambassador, and he, on behalf of President Harding, addressed a circular letter to the Powers recommending Disarmament. So that the disarmament question has really been going on for fourteen years without the slightest progress being made. If you want nothing to be done you have only to refer it to the League of Nations. Seriously, how does any man think that fifty delegates representing as many nations from all parts of the world are ever likely to agree about anything.

If the Germans have done nothing else they have rendered Europe and the world a great service by taking the question out of the hands of the League of Nations. A most unfair attempt has been made, probably by Mr. Arthur Henderson and the Labour Party, to blame Sir John Simon for the failure of the Disarmament question. Herr Hitler is quite right in having the matter discussed anywhere but at Geneva. Geneva smacks of Sir Arthur Salter and Mr. Vernon Bartlett. These are not the men to settle a great European question. Take it, if you like, to Paris, to Rome, to the Hague, or to London, anywhere but Geneva, where the air is stale, and vitiated by French intrigue and by the eloquence of the Salters and the Bartletts.

Alas! for Columbus

The *Observer* has very wisely changed its tone. Mr. Garvin, the week before last, devoted his pen to railing at and scolding the Germans. This week he entirely alters his tone, and his headlines are "Steady," and "What does Germany want?" "Think hard and go slow." This is much more sensible than the shrewish line of his former article. His advice is excellent. Thinking hard is a mood so unusual with the nationals of every country of the world that the process can only do us all good. What do the Germans want? They want, putting aside the abstract question of equality of status that the French should stop increasing their armaments for the next five years, while they, the Germans, should increase their own. In short, they want that the rest of Europe should disarm, while they are re-arming.

This, of course, is rather a large order. Under the Treaty of Versailles these things must be entirely re-written, which is what the Germans are asking. It will always remain an open question whether Germany or France is the real cause of trouble in Europe. The Treaty, to be sure, was dictated by the old Tiger, and is manifestly on the *Vae victis* lines. Such a Treaty could only have been maintained by the support of all the world,

America included, but America withdrew at the eleventh hour, because President Wilson happened to be a Democrat, and did not take the Republicans into his confidence. It is remarkable how all the troubles of the world since the Peace may be traced to America, who persuaded us to reduce our own armaments by 60 per cent., while increasing theirs by the same amount. President Roosevelt is acting more or less like a madman. He is muddling up the currencies of the world, and having persuaded us to strip ourselves of ships and air force, has now made a Pact with Litvinoff, and has opened the doors of the United States to Bolshevik propaganda.

A Motor-Mad Nation

"I am, of course," writes A.A.B., "unfeignedly sorry, for the Colliery accident near Derby, but I detest the faked sentimentality of the Press. Why should the death of these unfortunate men be hypocritically bemoaned by every newspaper, and messages of condolence even arrive from Royalty? Fourteen men are killed by an explosion in a mine near Chesterfield, and the Duke of Devonshire and young Lord Hartington immediately post off to render their condolences. Why seventeen people are killed every day upon the streets by motorists, who are not even risking their lives to supply fuel, but are driving for their pleasure. To abolish the speed limit and to say that anyone can drive through any town at what speed they like, is the policy of a motor mad nation.

"When I see old men and women knocked down in the street, and observe the callousness with which they are hustled on to a stretcher and then into an ambulance, amidst the apathy of the crowd and the unconcern of the police—when I contrast this with the fuss that is made over the death of fourteen men, it makes me sick. Nobody observes, or thinks of observing the posted speed limit in the royal parks; they drive down Constitutional Hill and round Hyde Park at any speed they like, and nobody interferes. There ought to be a speed limit in large towns of not more than 30 miles an hour, and a special police to be created with a special uniform to do nothing but check these incompetent and reckless motorists. The truth being, as every one knows, that the magistrates are themselves motorists."

"The Territorial Tag"

It is much to be wished that these New Radical peers would learn that the "territorial tag," as Lord Morley called it, while begging Mr. Alfred FitzRoy to drop it in his case, is only properly used to avoid confusion when there are two peers of the same name. Lord Morley of Blackburn is right, because there is another Lord Morley, an

Earl. Lord Luke of Pavenham and Lord Hurst of Greenwood have no more right to so describe themselves than should I, if I were made a peer, to call myself "of London." Even Lord Lloyd of Dolobran is incorrect. In fact, the territorial tag is merely a piece of Radical presumption, and was originally used in the patents of creation to describe the territorial tenure, by which they held their title.

* *

Victims of the League of Nations

Some weeks ago, Sir Arthur Samuel, M.P., a former Lord Mayor of Norwich, Secretary to the Treasury in Mr. Baldwin's Government, and a man who knows what he is talking about, declared in a public speech that of the 66 MILLIONS STERLING OF FOREIGN LOANS SPONSORED BY THE LEAGUE OF NATIONS, already 62 millions of this (money said to be largely subscribed by widows and elderly ladies in England, to whom the League always takes care to play up) is to-day in default. So the old English ladies have lost their money.

On this, writes Lady Houston, I addressed an inquiry to the Secretary of the League of Nations at Geneva, asking to be supplied with a list of those Delegates who have personally benefited from these loans, or if such a disclosure was inconvenient, then, either roughly or accurately, whichever the Secretary preferred, the numbers of these fortunate gentlemen who had succeeded in feathering their own nests.

Needless to say, I have received no response to my prepaid inquiry, but the silence of the Secretary of the League of Nations lends strength to the surmise that he has a shrewd idea of the numbers and personalities of such delegates. At a time when our Government has been urging on all of us the need for economy, and has itself withheld its co-operation in many necessary public works at home, on the same grounds—to countenance, by the presence of Ministers at Geneva, the depredations of these foreign sharks, is very like what the man in the street calls the confidence trick.

* *

Four Herrings Each Friday

"I see that Lady Houston has suggested that everybody should eat four herrings each Friday to help the British fishing industry.

"The idea is, however, not a new one. In fact, another lady had a similar notion just over three centuries ago.

"She was Queen Elizabeth.

"So she caused a law to be passed that in the interests of piety (and the English fishing industry) nobody was to eat meat during Lent. Thus she helped to found our supremacy as the leading sea-fishing nation in the world.

"A similar law re-enacted to-day would, one imagines, be received with rejoicings at Hull, Bridlington, Scarborough, Filey and Whitby. For fish-eating in Lent and on Fridays seems sadly to be declining in this country.

"But Lady Houston, unfortunately—or perhaps fortunately!—is not a Queen Elizabeth."—(*Yorkshire Evening News*.)

* *

"Pomp"

All the pomp and panoply of the State opening of Parliament was present as usual on Tuesday, but, all said and done, the attendance of the public was comparatively meagre and for the most part they were listless and certainly far from enthusiastic. Nor can the King's Speech be said to have displayed the least sign of any glimmer of imagination, but, considering the composition of the present Cabinet, this is scarcely surprising. Perhaps the overnight reception given by Lady Londonderry, where the Prime Minister took it into his head to receive the guests as though he were the host, and squeeze the melancholy Marquis into the background, had taken the "pep" out of the Cabinet's joint effort.

* *

Simple Simon

The curtain was drawn aside for a few moments last week on the domestic life of our National Government. The scene disclosed was the Socialist Prime Minister and the Liberal Foreign Secretary bandying the baby of responsibility for the departure of Germany from the Disarmament Conference.

The first act in this homely drama was the appearance of a pontifical leader in *The Times* accusing Sir John Simon of having caused the departure of Germany by ill-advised concessions to France. The charge was the same, in substance, as that brought against Sir John by Baron von Neurath, the German Foreign Minister.

There is apparently no limit to the indignity our Foreign Secretary will suffer in order to retain office. For it appears that, instead of insisting on a public justification of his policy and a consistent pursuit of it, Sir John has allowed himself to be overborne by the Cabinet and the policy to be reversed. The intention now is to try and buy Germany back into the Disarmament Conference.

* *

To L.H.

Of Ramsay we must face, I fear,
The truth, though stark and sinister:
As Premier you'd not put him first—
He's far from Prime as Minister.

[A.P.]

Uneasy Europe

By A.A.B.

LORD RENNELL, better known to the world as Sir Rennell Rodd, has written a long letter to *The Times*: "*verbosa et grandis epistula*," in which he tells us that everywhere he goes on the Continent he hears nothing but apprehension of war.

He calls this the propaganda of apprehension and ascribes it to the malevolent influence of sections of the Press and to that of the great armament firms. This I believe to be an entire delusion.

Most newspapers are ruined by war and I can hardly believe that Messrs Krupp and other similar firms have the influence ascribed to them by Lord Rennell. By this time, except perhaps the Hitlerites in Germany, everybody has found out that nobody really wins a war. To what then must we ascribe the uneasiness that undoubtedly exists in Europe?

Every candidate at a by-election—and there are many nowadays—receives a soup-ticket from the Prime Minister in which he elaborately proves that England loves peace and invites the electors to admire the wonderful efforts which the present government has made to preserve it. What has the present government done to preserve peace? Nothing whatever.

A Field of Intrigue and Verbiage

We have allowed Mr. Henderson, a radical socialist, to be the chairman of the Disarmament Conference which has now talked for a year and a half, until at last even the vanity of Mr. Henderson is satisfied and he threatens to resign. Others ascribe this apprehension to the collapse of the League of Nations, but, as nobody ever regarded it as anything else but a field for French intrigue, and for the unceasing verbiage of Sir Arthur Salter and Mr. Vernon Bartlett, I cannot regard its collapse as the cause of the general uneasiness.

Lord Lothian tells us with more precision that Germany left the League because the Germans discovered that England had made a private arrangement with France to vary the terms of the draft convention of June to the disadvantage of Germany. That was certainly a very good argument for Germany leaving the League and the Disarmament Conference: at any rate, it was shocking bad diplomacy on the part of England to make such an agreement and let it leak out.

As I said above, the British Government has done nothing to forward the purpose of peace, and

the real trouble lies in the feebleness, what *The Times* calls the want of prevision and courage, in our diplomacy; that is really the root of the whole trouble.

There was a time when England led Europe, after the Napoleonic wars, which lasted a quarter of a century. The peace of Europe was preserved by England's initiative, by Castlereagh, Wellington and Canning; what Wellington said in those days went, and the consequence was that the mess of the French was cleared up in four years. Wellington saw quite clearly that it was a folly to try and repress a nation like the French.

The Premier's Mouthings

Who is there in England to-day, what statesman is there in any of the three Parties whose word has any commanding influence in Europe? Nobody listens to the mouthings of Mr. Ramsay MacDonald. Indeed, at the Lord Mayor's banquet, which is composed of ninety per cent. of Tories who are wont to receive their guests with respect, if not with cordiality, Mr. Ramsay MacDonald was heard with ill-concealed impatience.

As for Mr. Baldwin, I consider that he is worse than useless. He is the Lord President of the Council and enjoys very high precedence and a substantial salary. He does nothing to contribute to the pool of statesmanship on the Continent, although he commands in the House of Commons one of the biggest majorities ever collected in that assembly. He sits on the front bench absorbed in the contemplation of his own mediocrity!

Give a Clear Lead

There is a good old phrase used in the days of secret diplomacy, namely, the Concert of Europe. It is England's task to form a Concert of European Powers who will tell Germany that they will not stand another war. The Germans are without doubt the most patriotic and certainly the most pugnacious nation in the world, but even Germany could not resist a consensus of opinion amongst all her neighbours. What is wanted is a clear lead from England. If we had anything approaching a statesman who could impress his will upon the surrounding nations, all this uneasiness in Europe which is only increased by the timorous and cloudy verbiage of Lord Rennell would be calmed and we should create a resistance which even Germany could not ignore.

The Problem of Divorce

A Scandalous System that Demands Reform

By the Earl of Halsbury

A VERY large body of the Christian community in this country sincerely believe that divorce is allowed by the Christian religion for one particular offence, usually referred to as "misconduct."

An equally sincere body of the Christian community believe that divorce is forbidden under all circumstances. No one can suggest that anywhere in the New Testament is there anything but a prohibition of divorce except for this one offence.

It is obvious, therefore, that any extension of divorce beyond the ambit of this offence must shock a very large body of the community. This does not in itself conclude the matter. It is perfectly possible to alter the law and to grant divorce for other offences. But it should always be remembered that, although all things are possible, all things are not expedient; and that on the question of expediency the feeling of a large body of the community is a large factor to be taken into consideration.

The Place of Women

It must be admitted by everyone that the whole social outlook has altered in the last fifty years, and more especially since the War. In the Victorian era there was a great come-back to the idea that woman was made primarily for reproducing the species, for keeping and maintaining her home for her husband and her children. Since the War education has attempted—and with some unfortunate success—to take the place of Motherhood.

Women to-day desire to "live their own lives." They have their vote and can drive men to divorce because they do not care to give them a home. Whether their new Heaven and their New Earth will be better than the present remains to be seen. But what is it they demand?

Everyone must agree that there is basic difference of circumstances between cases when there are children of the marriage and cases where there are not. The latter class of case—and in this might be included the cases where all the children are of full age—is much more easy of solution than the former. In this class the wishes and well-being of the husband and wife only are to be considered. Where they are young children, their interests are at least as important as those of the parents.

It is said—and said with a great deal of force—that it is a lamentable state of affairs for children to be brought up with the parents separated. They have not the home life which is their birth-right. That, of course, is true enough if the alternative were a happy home life with parents loving each other and loving them.

But what of a home with constant bickering and quarrelling, with one spouse constantly drunk and

offensive? Is it really better for the children to be brought up in such an atmosphere? One cannot help thinking that under such circumstances it would be better for them that the parents should separate. It is certain that if they remain together at least one of them will not get the respect of the children, and that the children will learn no good from one whom they do not respect.

The recent Act has recognised this and, apart altogether from divorce, the children even up to the age of seventeen may be taken away from such an environment, without any application on their part, but because the proper authorities think that in their own interest it would be better to place them in more healthy surroundings.

Under the present divorce law the custody of children is usually given to the innocent party. It is therefore no new idea that, under circumstances of separation for misconduct, the erring parent shall be deprived or substantially deprived of the children, and of the right to dictate their upbringing.

A Premium on Sin

While the solution of the law on divorce must always remain a difficult one, the present law seems to have collected the worst points of every attempted solution, and the present methods of obtaining a divorce are little short of a scandal. Two people desire to be free of each other. They are advised that they cannot obtain a divorce unless one sins. One, therefore, agrees to sin and supply the evidence of it to the other.

It is perfectly true that collusive divorces are against the law, but, while the evidence of misconduct is forthcoming, the evidence of collusion is not. If one may believe what is said by responsible people, the matter does not even end there. Although there is evidence from which the Court may, and indeed must, find misconduct, none has in fact ever taken place. The whole business has been to mislead the Court by a trick.

The very worst form of attempting to ameliorate matrimonial differences is by judicial separation. The two people in question are tied to one another and yet are not leading normal lives. It is not surprising that magistrates openly say that they dislike intensely making these orders and often adjourn the hearing to see if some other solution can be found. There is nothing to be said in its favour and everything against it. There is no force in the argument that they may come together again. Two divorced people may and sometimes do come together again and re-marry.

One very serious matter certainly needs revision. A person, having petitioned for a divorce and obtained a decree nisi, refuses to apply to have it made absolute. This trick, for it is a trick, is a very usual form of blackmail. Some-

times it may be used simply as a form of punishment. Having made public the misconduct of two people by the decree nisi, the petitioner, by not applying for the decree absolute, prevents them from marrying. One simple way of remedying this would be to make the decree absolute automatic after a certain period unless there was an intervention by the King's Proctor.

This would save the republication of an unsavoury matter which is finished and over and, further, it would save costs.

When we come to consider the vexed question of how far one should extend present law beyond misconduct, questions of the utmost difficulty arise.

Many arguments have been put forward advocating lunacy as a ground for divorce. The great difficulty here lies in the fact that, while a doctor can certify a person insane, no doctor would ever certify that they could not recover. If anything were to be attempted on this line, it could only be on the ground of lunacy over a long period.

A similar case is that of the spouse of a convict. It is very difficult to disagree with such an

authority as Sir Reginald Poole, but it does seem that if any extension is to be made there are cases in this class which should be included. The spouse of a reprieved murderer is the most striking example.

By the law of the land his life is forfeit. The spouse would be free. By the King's Mercy the murderer's life has been spared, and by the King's Mercy the spouse is tied for life to one she will never again see. In the case of very long sentences, it seems very hard that the innocent spouse should be tied to the guilty. It would mean the ruin of two lives instead of one.

The case made by Sir Reginald Poole for divorce for persistent cruelty is a very strong one, and everyone must agree with him that acts far outside physical violence may be the most terrible form of cruelty. It will be extremely difficult to frame such a law so as to attain the real object without making divorce so easy that the marriage tie becomes a temporary convention to be dissolved at will. The task should not be impossible, and if any extension is to be made, this, although the most difficult, is probably the most important.

Our Reply to Dr. Goebbels

By J. Wentworth Day (*Editor, Saturday Review*)

LAST week the *Saturday Review* published an article under the signature of Dr. Goebbels, the Nazi Minister of Propaganda, entitled "The Nazis' Next Step." It contained an outline of Germany's policy with regard to the return of her lost territories. Not a sentiment in it had not previously been expressed, either by Herr Hitler himself or by his lieutenants, in speeches and proclamations. This article has led to a minor diplomatic "incident."

On the second day of its publication we received a cablegram from Dr. Goebbels in which he denied the authorship of the article and suggested that it was "a malicious forgery." He asked that the issue of the *Saturday Review* in question should be withdrawn from circulation or, if that were not possible, that we would publish a denial of the article.

The *Saturday Review* immediately cabled Dr. Goebbels stating that we had received the article under circumstances which left us no reasonable grounds to doubt its authenticity and that we understood that it had been given by him in an interview some months previously. We added that we should welcome a statement from him on the subject for this week's issue.

The Minister of Propaganda did not reply to us direct. But he issued a further and stronger denial in the German press. On Monday every afternoon paper in Berlin attacked the *Saturday Review* for "effrontery," "impudence," "a violation of all journalistic traditions," and "gross falsification." The same day Prince von Bismarck called at the British Foreign Office to protest officially on behalf of his Government against the publication of the article.

It is time, therefore, that we made the position plain. The article was received by us from a reputable and old-established literary agency. It was obtained by them from one of their Continental representatives on the 26th August, 1932. In his letter he said: "I am enclosing an interview with Dr. Goebbels, Herr Hitler's right-hand man. A copy has been sent to Dr. Goebbels for his approval." Later, on September 2nd, 1932, he wrote again: "I enclose a copy of Goebbels' revised interview. I should be glad if you would incorporate the modifications and let me have two copies by return (in Paris) as Goebbels wants to feel sure that the alterations he has made will appear in the interview when published." Surely these extracts speak for themselves.

We can only feel that Dr. Goebbels, like many another statesman, has found cause to regret the hastily-uttered words of unguarded truth. His denial, like Hitler's great peace offensive, so obviously designed to gull our silly sentimentalists and our impracticable pacifists, will deceive no one in this country, in France or in Poland.

Dr. Goebbels, who once said: "To try and do away with war is trying to do away with child-bearing," is the same man who also has said: "I am sick of intellectual things. Every printed word makes me sick!" As a propagandist he is excellent. As a cooing dove his accents are a little hoarse.

We leave the readers of the *Saturday Review* to judge whether the words and the sentiments of the article ring true.

Copies of the issue containing this article can be obtained if 7d. is sent to the *Saturday Review* Office, 18-20, York Buildings, Adelphi, W.C. 2.

Justice in Jeopardy

What the White Paper Proposals will mean to India

By Sir Louis Stuart, C.I.E.

(Late Chief Judge, Chief Court, Oudh)

ONE peculiarity which distinguishes the law courts in India from the courts in Great Britain is that judges and magistrates in India enter on their work at an early age, so that a seat on the Bench marks the commencement of their careers. With a few exceptions these judges and magistrates are Indians. Civil judges are appointed from the legal profession when they are less than twenty-eight years of age. Magistrates (who are not usually appointed from the legal profession) are selected younger.

Another peculiarity in India is that presiding officers of courts rise with graduated salaries to more and more important duties. All can expect to rise by grade promotion to a reasonably high salary.

But, in addition—this is what is important—there are at the end high posts of greater responsibility and much greater salary which are given by selection. This selection is made by the Executive Government.

The system is somewhat akin to the system prevailing on the Continent of Europe. It has been established since the commencement of British rule. It is the only system which the Indians understand, and could not be changed without grave detriment.

Politics and the Law

It is not proposed to change the system, but it is proposed to transfer the control of the system from the present impartial authority to a Minister in each Province responsible to the electorate, and dependent on his party and his party vote.

The result of this change will be that promotion to the highest positions will for the first time be in the gift of a professional politician who, if he wishes to keep his place, must consider the wishes of his own party. *In Great Britain there is nothing similar to this.* Judges and magistrates are, it is true, appointed by politicians, but once appointed they are not promoted—there has been one exception in the last thirty years, when a County Court Judge was placed on the King's Bench—and their future careers are, as is well known, completely independent of the favour or disfavour of any politician in power.

Further, the whole trend of feeling is so intensely against a politician influencing our judges and magistrates that it is almost inconceivable to visualise a political pull affecting decisions in Great Britain. But in India there is every reason to apprehend sinister influences.

It is an unfortunate fact that in India there are, and always have been, attempts to affect the decision of cases both civil and criminal by the use of personal influence.

This fact is well known to everyone who has

inside experience of the law courts in India. These attempts are at present almost invariably unsuccessful, partly because reliance can usually be placed upon the integrity of Indian judges and magistrates, and partly because there is close supervision by higher authority.

But at present there is no effective pressure by politicians, as politicians, because politicians at present cannot make or mar the careers of the occupants of the Bench. In the future, when the careers of the judges and magistrates depend in the end on selection by politicians, it is a practical certainty that a desire to find favour with the man in power will enter in some instances (and possibly in very many) into the minds of those making the decisions. It need not be a desire to oblige the Minister. It will be usually a desire to oblige someone who may have the ear of the Minister.

Pressure on Judges

Take, for example, a small civil action. There are no juries in civil actions in India. The judge is judge of facts and law. One of the parties has political influence. The other has none. The man who has political influence will have no difficulty in conveying a hint to the judge that, if that judge can see his way to decide the cause in his favour, he can convey his appreciation to one higher up, who will convey it to one still higher up, and that eventually the report will reach the Minister, but, if he decides the cause against him, disapprobation will be registered.

As a result the judge will be left with the impression that, in the end, when the question of his promotion arises, there will be good marks or bad marks as the result of his decisions.

In criminal cases, where there are seldom juries—the jury system has been introduced only partially into India, and in the Magistrates' courts there are no juries—the danger is intensified. Politicians are very frequently in the courts. Politicians' friends' are there in large numbers.

Unexpected Crimes

There have been very many instances in India of men with considerable political influence (in some instances capable of controlling hundreds and even thousands of votes) who have been convicted of serious criminal offences. India is not as England, and men of position commit unexpected crimes. There have been instances of leading landed proprietors, chairmen of district boards—these correspond to our County Councils—and others of position who have committed crimes of the most sordid nature. It is no idle fear that, in the future, pressure will be put on the courts to assist such men when they have transgressed the law.

The political pull has entered into the courts in

countries other than Great Britain. Whenever it has entered, the result has been the denial of justice. Denial of justice in India will have graver consequences than in most other parts of the world.

Great Britain has accustomed the Indians to fair and even-handed administration of the law. The sub-continent had known nothing of that nature until the British came. Indians have now become used to fairness and impartiality, and the withdrawal of these benefits can, and may, have disastrous consequences to peace and tranquility. So far there has been no discussion of these dangers.

It is difficult to devise a safeguard, if the transfer is made; and no safeguard has been suggested. The dangers have simply been ignored. The only argument in favour of the change is that, if it is not made, Indian self-esteem will be wounded, since the failure to transfer will be considered as a suggestion that Indians are incompetent to discharge the responsibility.

It cannot be suggested, as has been suggested in the case of the police, that the retention of the control will direct concentrated criticism on the

law courts as the tools of an alien bureaucracy. There has, so far, never been acrimonious criticism of the Courts.

The retention of control by the Viceroy and Governors will be simple and easy. There are not in the year very many selections to the higher posts, and the Viceroy and Governors will be assisted by the recommendations of the High Courts.

The question is not the question of transfer to Indians. In two Provinces, Indians have already controlled the selections, but these were Indian Members of Council, themselves elected as Members and in no way dependent on political parties or political votes. The proposal is to transfer to politicians who must perforce be affected by political considerations.

There is no analogy with Great Britain, for in Great Britain, although the control of the law courts is nominally with politicians, the work of the courts has remained by a self-denying practice independent of political considerations for over two hundred years. We cannot depend on the Indian politicians exercising a similar restraint.

THE STICK-IT MINISTER

What is the matter with Sticktight Stanley?
His feet are flat and his form is manly,
But when they implore him to pep up the Party
His mien is the very reverse of hearty.
"Lead the Party? Of course!" says Stan.
"My place, as always, is in the van."
So they give three cheers, but they quickly find
That the van *he* means is the one behind.

What is the matter with Sticktight Stanley?
His cheek is pale and his eye gleams wanly.
"Lead the Party? Of course!" says he,
"But scupper my old pal, R. MacD.,
The National Government's braw bell-wether,
Who fills all the wurruld with bleat and blether?
Why, you're asking me now to go back on a pal,
Which I've never done and I never shall,
Not even a haverin' Hielan' clown
Or an Irwin that's letting the Empire down,
And that I've sworn by the mailed fist
Of a Liberal Tory Socialist."

What is the matter with Sticktight Stanley?
They're asking in Bewdley; they're asking in Hanley.
Is he waiting to see how the cat will jump,
Or is he nowt but a lazy lump
Who likes to sit in the House all day
With nothing to do and not much to say?
Now the explanation, it seems to me,
Is an absence of bowels in Stanley B.
But if iron is lacking there's lots of glue,
And he'll stick to his job till all is blue.
And he'll stick to his pals till all is brown,
But he'll keep on letting his country down.

HAMADRYAD.

A United States of Industry

Policy of the Self-supporting State

By Lord Melchett

ONE of the results of the tremendous slump we have experienced has been a curtailment of international trade in the most extraordinary way. The imports and exports of different countries all over the world show how international trade has diminished in the last two years.

In many countries to-day there is a determination to be self-supporting as far as possible, an attempt at isolation from the troubles and disturbances of a world which seems to be out of control economically. When the world gets out of control economically, it rapidly becomes out of control politically. Countries have an idea that if only they can shut themselves in and get on with their own jobs and be self-supporting, even to the extent of doing without some things which they have had in the past and which they consider luxuries, they will be better off than by having a free exchange of goods with other people.

Cutting Out the Foreigner

Undoubtedly the tendency of science to-day is to make all countries capable of being more self-supporting than they were 20 or 30 years ago. A study of any industrial country proves that this is the case.

There was a particular commodity, for instance, which used to be imported by the United States. It used to take a great many of its imports of that commodity from Great Britain. Then about 1905 the United States began to grow self-supporting in regard to that commodity. That was a landmark in the history of that particular industry. Now, 28 years have passed, and we see Japan beginning to be self-supporting in regard to the same industry, and a tendency for China to embark upon the same manufacture. In another 20 years China may be self-supporting in that particular industry.

The progress of industrial and scientific knowledge is tending to make countries increasingly self-supporting. When the history of the present comes to be written it will be seen as an era in which industry started in a small area—confined mostly to England, but extending to a small part of the Continent of Europe, with England easily leading—and then spreading throughout the world. We are at this moment seeing the beginning of that organised progress of industrialism. What is going to happen in the next 50 years? What is going to be the tendency when these other countries become practically self-supporting?

I do not think that it will necessarily and finally mean a decline of international trade. Fairly soon it will be found more economical for particular countries to make particular classes of goods and to exchange them rather than for every country to make all classes of goods. There will be big rationalisations and re-arrangements on a more

economic basis. You will find a tendency to establish large territorial divisions and an attempt to carve the world into vast, more or less self-supporting, units, economic units which have all the raw materials necessary, and the type of population essential to self-support. Within those units the maximum of achievement will probably be reached in the development of world trade; there will be within them a quite free exchange of patents, processes and inventions.

The World and Inventions

No country can have a monopoly of inventions. Some countries have a far greater inventive output than others, because their people are better trained and have more opportunities to study, but no country can have an absolute monopoly of inventions. If it had, it would be found to pay better if the whole world were developed economically as far as possible by the free use of inventions in every country. We may see a tendency—probably a long way ahead—to internationalism in science and industry, which is only a manifestation of science, because people will find it pays better to have rapid progress throughout the world than to have the small accretion of money which is likely to be gained by monopoly.

What economic units are likely to be set up? I think you can see strong evidence to-day in Europe that people are thinking along the lines of bigger units. There have been two or three attempts to create an economic United States of Europe which have been abortive; but the idea is being more freely discussed, and is being more thought about on the Continent, and I think that in time that course will be forced upon Europe by economic pressure.

A Huge Problem

In that respect, of course, one will have to take into consideration Russia—almost a great continent, a unit in herself, a huge affair managed now in an odd sort of way with a political system which seems very hard to work, struggling to deal with an incompetent population in an extremely rich land. One wonders whether that country in future will make the great strides which can be made by a competent population. Possibly it will. If so, it will present the most extraordinary problem to the world. That also will tend to force the European countries into an economic unit.

We may see a Far Eastern Federation, a Pacific Federation, in which the countries concerned will get together and sink nationalistic differences in an effort to solve economic problems. Among these federations, greatest of all, and the clearest and easiest to see, is the British Empire. One quarter of the whole world is comprised in this federation, a territory possessing almost every thing man desires in climates and raw materials.

The Root of the Irish Trouble

Queen Victoria's One Great Mistake

By Colonel Sir Thomas Polson

THERE have been three eras in Ireland; the pagan era, the Christian era, and the De Valera. What will follow, none can say; but the future depends far more upon the conduct of the English people than they allow themselves to think. For the rise of De Valera in Ireland is no isolated phenomenon, nor an occurrence which, strange elsewhere, fits well with the troublous history of the sister island.

It is in exact accordance with the whole history of the British Empire of late years, and that history is the necessary and logical consequence of the political anæmia which, constantly attacking the Mother Country since 1906, has since 1918 become—apparently—fatal.

The true attitude of the Irish towards England has never been understood, and no explanations by politicians will ever make it clear. But a story told everywhere when I was a young man in Dublin expresses it exactly. At an hotel which was well known as the resort of country gentlefolk on brief visits to the capital, Mick, an old waiter, was a famous character. One day, as he tended the fire in the smoking room, an old habitue noticed that he sighed deeply several times, and asked him what the matter was.

Beating England Well!

"Faith," said Mick, shaking his head, "it's the state of the poor old country that's troubling me entirely."

"An' what were you thinking about the poor old country, Mick?"

"Ah, sure, yer honour, I was just thinking that nothing would be right in Ireland until all the English was driven out. If only France and Germany and—what's them other foreign countries I've heard of?—yes, Russia and Italy—sure, now, if they'd all fight England and beat her, beat her well, then the poor old country would have a chance, but, glory be to God"—with immense pride—"the whole dam' lot of 'em put together couldn't do it!"

Now the point that the English have lately refused to understand, not only in Ireland, but in India, and throughout the great spheres of British influence, is that Mick's attitude is a normal, humane and world-wide attitude. A strong, purposeful England, an England determined to stand by her Imperial interests, is an England the world can understand and appreciate. Such a country must inevitably arouse some few hatreds, but it also commands respect, and, even more, the queer satisfied affection that filled Mick's heart.

"The English have wonderful political genius," an Austrian once said to me, "a genius which it is delightful to watch. Always, just at the last moment, the right touch in the right place. Often

it makes us suffer, but even when we suffer we must admire."

In other words, like a crowd at a football match, the world loves to see the thing well done, and other countries have no more use for the indecision and the slushy sentimentalism of the post-war years than such a crowd for a gentle, effeminate team, determined that their first object must be to hurt no one.

It will hardly be contended that England did so much to improve the fate of Ireland when she deserted her. The present suggestions for India are no more hopeful. From 1815 to 1914 the British Navy ruled the seas, and, as a United States historian has pointed out, in all that period of one hundred years not one complaint of abuse of privilege was proffered against us, although the Navy claimed the right of searching ships suspect of slave trading, and its rule was a fact, not a fiction.

Gifts of No Effect

What service does England now to the real maintenance of world order? Her greatest contributions since 1918 have been ineffectual gifts to Geneva, and a pack of pacifist resolutions not worth the paper on which they were written.

An Irishman has a peculiar advantage in depicting the situation as it is to-day, for the root cause of the post-war rot is precisely the same as the cause of Ireland's troubles throughout the centuries. Ireland was ever an after-thought. England never sent her her greatest personalities, and Queen Victoria made her one great mistake when she refused her eldest son permission to live in Dublin. For men, the world over, love a personality and deride a politician. One decisive man can accomplish where a multitude of committees fail. One person in authority rules, a multitude of bureaucrats merely interfere.

The Talent in the Napkin

Believe me, the spectacle of England burying her great talent for governance in a napkin has done nothing to add to the well-being of a world accustomed to seeing her increase it a hundred fold, and the responsibility for this moral and spiritual revival—I suggest no less—rests on each and every individual Englishman. The results of such a revival would be profound, and in many directions astonishing. The world cries out for plain speaking, for leadership, and England, who has been given "A wonderful political genius," has not the right to deny her task. There is work to be done, and England must do it; but it is to be done in the spirit of an older day.

What would have been the world's history had Nelson hoisted "Safety first" as his signal before the battle of Trafalgar?

SERIAL The Surrender of an Empire

By Mrs. Nesta H. Webster

Mrs. Webster's remarkable work issued by the Boswell Printing & Publishing Co., went into a second edition in 1931 and is now being republished in a popular edition at 7s. 6d. It was and is, in our opinion, a book of fundamental importance for all who would understand the politics of the modern world. The present instalment deals with the General Election of May, 1929.

At any rate, the young women's vote was sufficient to tip the balance at what was already an extremely critical election. The swing of the pendulum was against the Conservative Party; the Liberals were not prepared this time to stand down in their favour in order to keep the Socialists out as at the General Election of 1924; no bomb to take the place of the "Zinoviev Letter" had been provided; the Conservative electorate was discouraged; the Die-Hards, now wholly occupied with the Tariff question, were threatening revolt.

Meanwhile the Beaverbrook and Rothermere Press, which had contributed to the Conservative victory of 1924, had withdrawn their support and continued to attack Mr. Baldwin on the score of weakness, indecision, half-hearted Conservatism, etc.

But what had this same Press done recently to further the Conservative cause? The Beaverbrook organs, as has already been pointed out, had consistently advocated relations with Russia, and, except in the masterly articles of Mr. A. A. Baumann, had never given great encouragement to a robust form of Conservatism, whilst opening their columns to the most subversive writers. And on the eve of the election Lord Beaverbrook had found no more inspiring slogan than "larger railway trucks."

Tories to the Backbone

The Rothermere Press, on the other hand, had shown itself resolutely anti-Bolshevist, had urged "a hundred per cent. Conservatism" and published an immense number of able and patriotic articles from the pens of such writers as Mr. Ward Price, Mr. Britten Austin, etc. But the effect of all this was somewhat marred by a sudden *volte-face* in October 1928, in the form of a leading article which declared that, now the Labour Party was "under the control of the moderate elements," "distinct benefits" might result from the advent of a Labour-Liberal Coalition.¹ In the spring of the following year, however, just before the General Election, the same Press decided for Liberalism alone, and urged the electorate to vote for "the Happy Warrior" in the person of Mr. Lloyd George. In view of the strictures it had passed on Mr. Lloyd George's Coalition Government in 1922,² the organs controlled by Lord Rothermere could hardly be regarded as consistent guides for public opinion. Their effect at this moment was in the main destructive, for whilst they succeeded in preventing a number of people from voting for the Party led by Mr. Baldwin, they were unable

to make them vote for Mr. Lloyd George to any appreciable extent.

The corollary to all this was the crushing defeat of the Conservatives at the General Election of May 30, 1929, from which the three Parties emerged as follows:

Conservatives	260
Liberals	58
Labour	289

The Conservatives had thus lost 155 seats since the General Election of 1924, whilst the Labour Party had gained 138.

Socialist Organisation

The Labour Party well knew all along which way votes were going. Owing to its admirable Intelligence Service it was able to keep its fingers on the pulse of the country and bring influence to bear where it was most needed. The Conservatives had no organisation comparable with this, as was shown by their over-confidence before the General Election, when they predicted a majority of sixty seats. Had they possessed any Intelligence Service worthy of the name they would have known this was an impossibility. It was known to many of their supporters who had not their facilities for obtaining information, and the newspaper competitions showed that a number of people had foretold almost the exact figures. Why then should the Conservative Central Office have been so wide of the mark?

Too Late

When, after the debacle, a storm of questioning arose as to its causes, the principle criticisms were directed against the leader of the Party and the head of the Central Office. But why had these vocal elements not pressed their demands for a stronger policy and better organisation more vigorously before, instead of contenting themselves with vague murmurs and desultory protests that always ended in the rebels being brought repentantly to heel? Whatever then may be said of Mr. Baldwin's policy, subsequent Party meetings and the correspondence that took place in the Press clearly showed that it had the support of the great majority of Conservative Members of Parliament and electors to whom anything savouring of "Die-Hardism" was abhorrent. Of this mass of Conservative opinion Mr. Baldwin was the faithful exponent; a Prime Minister who had immediately set to work to rouse the electorate to action and advocated a more vigorous policy would, in all probability, not have been able to retain his hold over them.

But this is not to say that if a steady educative campaign had been carried on throughout the

¹ *Continental Daily Mail and Sunday Despatch*, October 21, 1928.

² See *ante*, p. 207.

SERIAL

Conservatives' five years' term of office, the country would not have been gradually persuaded to follow a stronger lead. Instead of this the public, already too prone to slumber in the face of danger, was lulled with the assurance that there was no cause for alarm, that it would be "all right on the night," and that the by-elections, which were going heavily against the Conservative Party, were no real indication of which way the tide was flowing. For all this the Conservative Central Office was primarily to blame, yet in my opinion—and I speak with some inside knowledge of events—it was a mistake to lay the whole responsibility on the shoulders of the late chairman. The trouble went deeper than the public realised and, as was shown earlier in this book, existed long before Mr. Davidson took control. In the matter appointing candidates, of selecting and priming speakers, of publicity and propaganda, the whole system was at fault, as obsolete for present-day electioneering purposes as a Crimean cannon for modern warfare, and it is questionable whether any man, however, energetic, would have been able to hold his own against the forces at work to prevent its being rendered more efficient.

Fighting Socialism

Above all, it was not constructed to fight Socialism in a really scientific manner, nor did the Party officials give great encouragement to other organisations and individuals who were carrying on anti-Socialist propaganda. Several of the independent societies had done extremely good work since the War. It is true that there were too many of them and that, as the Conservative Central Office complained, a great deal of reduplication and overlapping had taken place. But this state of affairs could have been avoided if some scheme of "rationalisation" had been devised at the outset, by which the "unproductive" societies would have been put out of existence and the work of the others co-ordinated so that each should have its appointed task. The Duke of Northumberland made an effort in this direction when in June 1921 he proposed to form a Federation of all the propaganda societies which would "not interfere with the special work of any, but link them together in certain aims."¹ The plan fell through, however, owing to the difficulty of getting the chairman and secretaries of the different organisations to unite in the common cause.

Another attempt was made in the spring of 1925, when a central clearing-house was proposed by one of the leading societies, which was to work in co-operation, not only with all the associations in this country, but with kindred groups abroad. This might have led to great results, since the world revolutionary movement has owed its success mainly to its system of international organisation and the lack of any corresponding organisation on the part of its opponents. But instead of supporting a movement which could have rendered inestimable service to the Conservative cause, the Central Office of the Party appeared to regard it as an infringement of its

own rights. The Conservative and Unionist Party, its official organ observed at this crisis, has "the biggest claim as an anti-Socialist Society."² The leaders of the independent societies were summoned to Palace Chambers, and on the following day it was announced that the whole scheme had been abandoned.

But on what did the claim of the Central Office rest? Had it in its vast organisation any department devoted to work against Socialism? Did it employ a single specialist of repute? Whilst the Labour Research Department employed no less than twenty linguists, had the Central Office on its staff even one Russian to provide it with reliable information on Russian affairs? An example of the kind of propaganda it circulated on these questions is provided by the following incident:

The Marxian Gospel

In 1924 I inquired at the Central Office for literature to counteract Marxism and was told that none could be provided. A year later, however, a brochure was sent me from Palace Chambers entitled *The Socialists' Bible*, bearing on the cover a quite pleasing portrait of the prophet, and containing a fairly good refutation of Marx's economic theories. But the argument ended with these surprising words:

The life of Marx revealed great work and purpose. He evoked a tremendous reverberation from the dark abysses created by plutocracy. He wrote a resounding message in letters of flame at the feast of sordid and callous wealth . . . he left a great example to whole generations of men and women to labour earnestly for a better and more worthy environment.

And this was supposed to be Conservative propaganda! The writer had apparently never studied the private life of one of the most cunning imposters who has ever been foisted on the credulity of the working-classes.

A Constructive Programme

This failure to provide really effectual propaganda against Socialism was the principal cause of the Conservative debacle. The alternative policy of putting forward what was called "a constructive programme" was bound to fail because the Socialists could always beat the Conservatives on this ground by promising Paradise where the Conservatives promised only improvement in existing conditions. *It was essential to convince the people of the fallacy and the danger of Socialist nostrums if they were to be persuaded to accept Conservative remedies.* But the Conservatives were obsessed with the fear of seeming "reactionary" or of indulging in "personalities." The current phrase throughout the Party was: "We must not be merely 'Anti,'" which ended in almost completely extinguishing the fighting spirit.

¹ *Morning Post*, June 21, 1921.

² *Home and Politics*, February 1925.

Previous extracts were published on May 20, 27; June 8, 10, 17, 24; July 1, 8, 15, 22, 29; August 5, 12, 19, 26; September 2, 9, 16, 23, 30; October 7, 14, 21, 28; November 4, 11 and 18.

The Policy of Poland

Pacific Without Being Pacifist

By Robert Machray

THERE is no change in the policy of Poland.

The conversations now going on between Poland and Germany are a continuation, and to some extent, an extension of those which took place during last summer, when an agreement was reached by direct negotiation to the effect that the German Government would not increase for a certain time the Customs duties on Polish exports. The present pourparlers are concerned mainly with improving the economic relations of the two countries, and are being pursued in the hope that a commercial treaty of a permanent character, and advantageous to both parties, will come out of them.

Practically ever since the War Poland has been subjected to strong economic attack by Germany, who was under the impression that, being much more powerful, she would be able to bring the Poles to heel before very long. In 1920-22 Germany enforced a trade boycott, which, however, she stopped when she found that it was double-edged and hurt herself, besides failing to achieve its object. But in 1925 a Customs war broke out between the two States which has lasted, though with shifts and intermittencies, till now, to the injury of both. A commercial treaty was concluded in 1930; Poland ratified it, but Germany did not. There have since been some accommodations on both sides, but, speaking generally, such is the situation to-day.

A Good Neighbour

Poland has all along been extremely desirous of living on good, neighbourly terms with Germany; the trouble has not come from the Poles but from the Germans, who have always regarded the Poles as inferiors. The growth and strength of Poland have astounded them. In the past she made more than one *beau geste* towards Germany, but without any response. Now she is prepared, as M. Beck, her Foreign Minister, stated the other day, to treat Germany just as Germany treats her. She is ready, therefore, to welcome any fair give-and-take arrangement with Germany—and this is precisely what the present negotiations amount to: no less, no more.

With the two great political questions that divide Germany from Poland, rather than Poland from Germany, these negotiations have nothing to do. Semi-official statements stress the important fact that Poland has declined to include in the conversations the "Corridor" or Silesia. This is not in the least remarkable, for the attitude taken by her is that there does not exist for her any question of frontier or territorial revision at all—no more at least than there exists such a

question for, say, Holland, or Sweden, or, for that matter, England. This is perhaps a little ostrich-like—even in face of Dr. Goebbels' protestations. For what is, is! German aims remain what they were, as Poland knows perfectly well, but naturally she is delighted that her relations with her "eastern neighbour" will be improved.

The Strong Man Armed

This goes to the root of Polish foreign policy. It cannot be too often repeated that the policy of Poland is absolutely pacific, which, however, is not the same as pacifist. That policy was announced very clearly ten years ago by Count Alexander Skrzynski, twice Foreign Minister and once Prime Minister of Poland, in his book entitled "Poland and Peace." Summing up, he said that, owing to the "particularly unfavourable geographical situation" of his country, the double obligation was imposed on the State of maintaining an "absolutely pacific policy" and, at the same time, an "army as strong as possible." In short, peace and the means of defending it.

Under Marshal Pilsudski, who has been in practical control of Poland, and more particularly of her foreign policy, since 1926, no change whatever in this respect has taken place. The sensational newspaper stories which represented him as a hardened, blood-stained man of war, ready and eager to launch his legions on Danzig, East Prussia or the Reich itself, were and are simply ridiculous. This is not to say that he does not know the exact position of affairs—of course he does, and governs himself accordingly; anything that eases that position, however, cannot but be agreeable to himself and to his people.

A Policy of Peace

It is hard to understand how these negotiations for the removal of non-territorial differences should have led to the reaction they undoubtedly produced at Paris, except on the ground that in some way or other they are intended, under the Machiavelian inspiration of Germany, to detach Poland from her alliance with France. But the Polish Government has surely made it abundantly clear that Poland respects and will implement all the obligations she has undertaken. There is nothing new in her resolving "to renounce the use of force" in her relations with Germany, for such a statement is in line with the Locarno Pacts, the Paris Pact, and other similar instruments. She stands by her alliance with France, her understanding with the Little Entente, and the non-aggression treaty recently signed with Soviet Russia. She still believes in the League of Nations. In a word, her policy is peace.

Front Benchers— —or Backsliders ?

By LADY HOUSTON, D.B.E.

EVERYONE is so beastly polite nowadays that they dare not call a spade a spade—and that is why so many hypocrites and humbugs get away with it.

But this is quite un-English, for our fathers were called "John Bull" because they scorned to prevaricate or compromise—they spoke the truth and they did not care in the least who they offended—and because of this quality—they were trusted—and respected—and looked up to by the whole world.

I must have inherited this—for I am incorrigibly truthful—and although I have been told again and again that this peculiarity will make me unpopular—strange to say people like it and expect it of me.

Therefore everyone knows I am speaking the truth—when I say—deliberately—that this Government is a LIE from beginning to end.

It's very name "National" is a lie—for the people voted for a Conservative Government—and the last person in the world they wanted as Prime Minister in the last election was—Ramsay MacDonald.

But having artfully wangled himself into this position—why did he not try to make good?

Examine what he has done for the country during the last two years and tell me of one good action that has added to the prosperity—honour—or glory of the Nation.

YOU CANNOT.

But you will find that he has dragged down everything that is Conservative and yet he expects—and orders Conservatives to vote for him whenever he wishes—and they do it!

But we must give him his due—he has been the means of giving work to the unemployed—that is to say, to unemployed munition workers.

For our defence?—Oh, no; perish the thought.

But for other countries—and thus by destroying our Forces of Defence—even the smallest countries in Europe are better armed than we are—and can say to themselves "A little more MacDonald and a little more munitions made by British workers—and what is to prevent us swooping down whenever we wish to destroy England."

For they know we are quite unable to protect ourselves—this is what Ramsay MacDonald's Peace Conferences have done for us.

At a distinct disadvantage to us—he has insisted on trading with Russia and making Ottawa another sham—for he has now arranged a Treaty with Russia to supply us with the timber that by every right should come from Canada.

To give away India and to sacrifice the lives of our kith and kin there—as witness the massacres at Midnapore—a Socialist measure—is another shameful betrayal of Conservative principles.

And yet some people tell us he has reformed!—but when did he reform?—and what is the outward and visible sign of this reformation?

All through this trickery and shuffling—Mr. Baldwin the Conservative Leader—has helped him. One cannot forget that Stanley Baldwin—the Conservative Leader—started the game and turned down the Conservative candidate Darwen wanted—and foisted on them Sir Herbert Samuel—a Liberal they did not want—and Stanley Baldwin the Conservative Leader cried, "Play the game and vote Liberal."

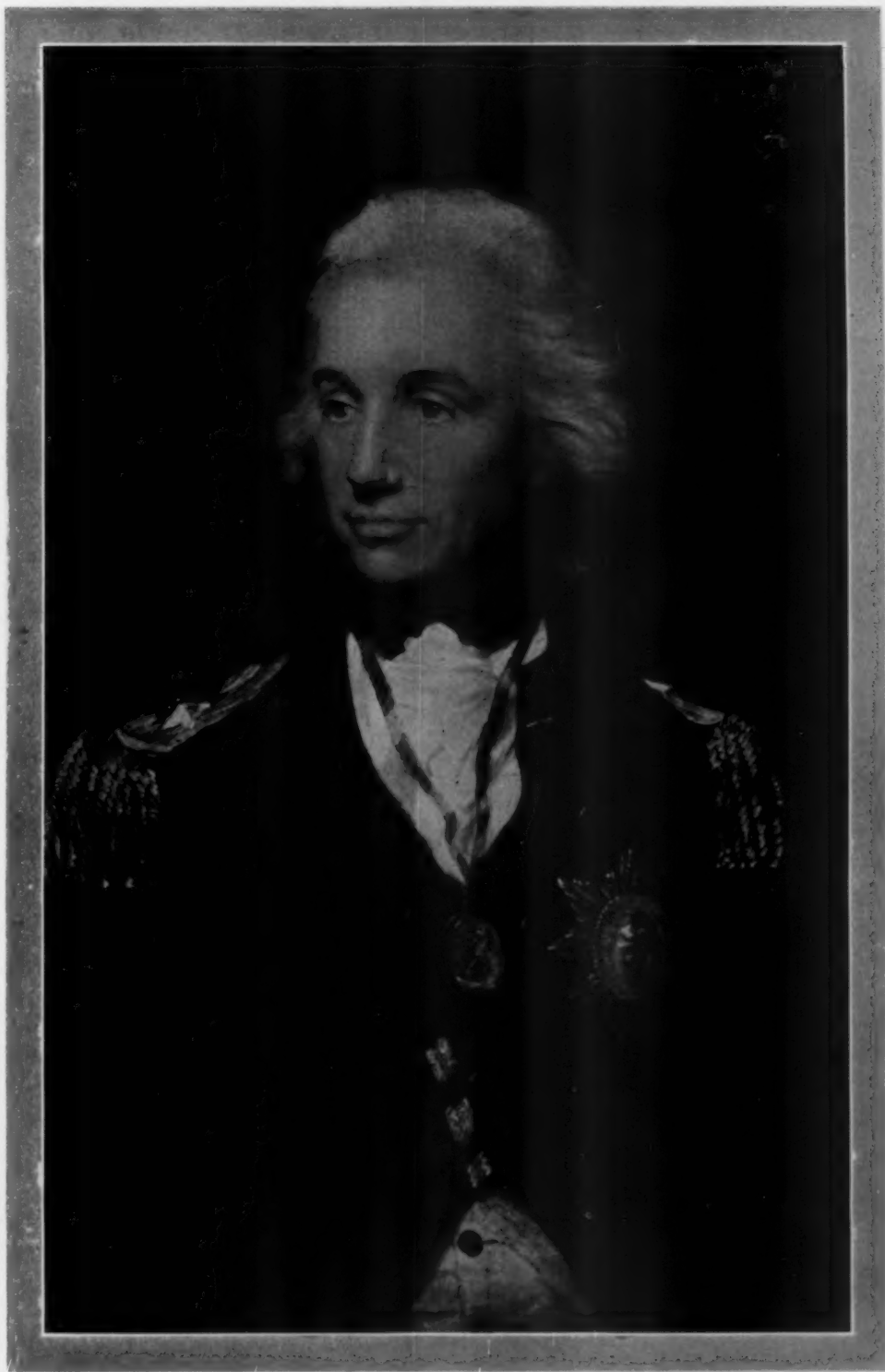
And for playing false to Conservatism—he is now rewarded by Sir Herbert Samuel crossing the House and joining the Opposition.

People have forgotten—and some did not even know these things.

And in revealing these shameful truths no one can deny—I consider I am doing my duty to my King—and to my Country.

NELSON

OUR GREATEST SAILOR



asked as a child what he would like to be, replied "A Sailor." "For the hard rough life of a sailor with your delicate health," he was told—"you would have to be a hero." "Then I will be a hero," said Nelson

I
r
n
f
n
s
c
e

C
T
C
S
r
n
l
l
C

Hard Swearing

A Duel of Dogs and their Masters

By J. W. Best

IT was a rough shoot, nothing grand about it, but plenty of walking after a few pheasants, a possible woodcock and a fair number of rabbits to keep the guns amused throughout the morning. The sort of day that we enjoy as much for the crisp air and ruddy Autumn colourings as for the sport that it can produce. Not that sport had been poor; on the contrary, men and dogs had been sufficiently busy to need a rest, especially the dogs.

While the guns were lunching in the parlour of the farmhouse, Keeper Samways did host to the beaters in the large thatched barn, and tired dogs watched with eager eyes each piece of rough sandwich as it passed from horny hand to hungry mouth. After the cider jar had made its final round, Nehemiah Buddler drew the back of his hand across his mouth, felt for his pipe and his tobacco pouch, and looked towards his spaniel bitch, who rose expectantly. Nor was she disappointed; a quick snap, and the first piece of bread was gulped down as soon as caught.

"She be as quick be 'er vittals as she be in the furze, Nehemiah," said the keeper.

"There be 'nt no better bitch in Dorset," agreed her owner proudly. "Pretty little thing, too, be 'nt 'er?"

"Can 'er retrieve?" asked the keeper.

Nehemiah spat.

"Retrieve!" he said with contempt. "Retrieved a little robin once off of 'is nest."

"Did 'ee bid 'un bring it?"

"No, she fetched 'un 'erself," replied Nehemiah. "I don't hold be hurting little robins; that be how chaps get crooked fingers." He lit his pipe again.

The Tale of the Robins

"I bid 'er let 'un go. She be that soft-mouthed thic little robin wer'nt hurted. While I did bide in the loo of the hedge as I were plashing at half a crown a perch, thic bitch came back be another robin, this time 't were the cock bird. 'Thee let 'un go,' I says, afeard 't would bring bad luck. Then I finishes my bit o' lunch. Thic bitch were minded as I were finding fault be 'er, and when I did turn to throw 'er a bit o' bread as was over, same as I done what you chaps saw, be damned if she did not have the bird's nest in mouth of 'un along be four little eggs. They wer'nt broken, neither, and as I wer'nt knowing where thic nest were belonging, I says to 'er, I says: 'Thee put 'un back,' I says, 'afore I put a stick across 'ee.' I watched 'er put 'un back, but she wer'nt content. No, she hunted thic hedge, and it were ten minutes afore she found one o' they little birds and put 'un back on 'is nest."

"My Gawd!" breathed the keeper, "that be boasting up bitch too much for the likes of I."

"Don't 'ee call I no names," answered Nehemiah hotly; "that be gospel."

There was a pause in the conversation while the remains of the food were being thrown to the waiting dogs, and Nehemiah turned up the cider jar to be sure that none was left. The smell of coarse tobacco filled the barn. Presently, Giles Huxley, mahogany skinned and hard as nails, spoke with a sly twinkle in his eyes.

Capping the Story

"I be minded of a more remarkable thing nor that," he said. "When I were down to Midcombe, my Missus she had a tidy few fowls. Not breedy birds they wer'nt, but all sorts, and terrible good layers, they were. Well, come Christmas, Missus she bought one o' they foreign cheezes—stink like old dead rat, it did. How they poor foreigners can abide 'em fair puzzles I. Thic cheeze fair swarmed be maggots. Crawled over it, they did, same as a lot o' emmots as do bide in a emmot's 'eap."

"Throw thic stinking thing away," I says to 'er, 'it be 'nt fit for the likes o' we to eat.'

"So she throwed it to the fowls. There wer'nt no call for they birds to be scratching for to reach them maggots. Just swallowed 'un whole, they did, quick as they could peck."

"They be enjoying themselves, be 'nt 'em?" says I to the Missus.

"Well, come a week, the parson were terrible rough—flue they did say it were—but they docters don't know nothing. When parson were middling strong again, he were minded to eat a boiled egg, and his wife she come along to the Missus and took a dozen fresh eggs off 'er."

"Next day, parson's wife came back along to my Missus, terrible put out, proper wild she were."

"Missus Huxley," says she to the Missus, fierce, just like that, 'Missus Huxley, they eggs what 'ee did sell I for the Vicar be crawling be maggots and smell proper strong o' cheeze.'

Nehemiah's Gospel

"When she spoke up like that there, I were minded as they fowls did eat them maggots off thic cheeze and did swallow 'em whole. The nature of them cheezy maggots went through they birds into their eggs. So parson's wife were reasonable put out. Still, for all, I can't abide maggots, neither."

"Be that gospel?" asked Keeper Samways sternly.

"As much gospel as Nehemiah do speak of 'is bitch," answered Giles defiantly.

"Now, chaps," rejoined the keeper, "time we be getting ready. Guns be waiting."

"Be 'um ready, then?"

"More ready than you chaps be to answer for them lies."

PARLIAMENTARY PLUM DUFF

The New Session

More Duffers Than Plums

PARLIAMENT is like plum duff, an agreeable novelty but too stodgy for prolonged consumption, too short of plums and too full of duff—and duffers.

The brightest of Parliaments would have been hampered by a mere three days' interval between the rising and the sitting thereof, and this is not the brightest of Parliaments. It is one of the dullest, lacking alike interesting personalities and imaginative policies.

Of the seven pillars of statesmanship—audacity, industry, imagination, astuteness, ruthlessness, foresight and humour—there is not a single member of the Government, with the possible exception of Sir Kingsley Wood and Mr. Hore-Belisha, who possesses more than three, while the Leader of the House has only one and the Prime Minister none at all.

For all one knows, the back benches may be stuffed with Cromwells guiltless of their country's plight, with repressed Palmerstons and undeveloped Disraelis. They neither surge nor have the means of surging to the top where roost the Great Incompetents, as useless and as irremovable as the grease on a saucy panful of stew.

We had two excellent speeches from the mover and seconder of the Address, but will Mr. Cross ever emerge from the obscurity of Rossendale until his head is bald or Mr. Lindsay become other than a wandering Oxford Union voice until his arteries, mental and physical, have begun to harden?

Fortunately for Mr. MacDonald and his colleagues, the Opposition is even worse equipped. Take poor Mr. Lansbury. But that is not quite fair, perhaps, for he had a bad cold, and as his voice, at the best, recalls that of a bookie whom constant immersion in neighbouring ponds has rendered chronically hoarse, the result was disastrous.

But Mr. Lansbury had nothing to say except that the Government has none of the virtues that have made the Socialist Party what it is. Mr. MacDonald did have something to say—it was in the King's Speech—to wit, that diplomacy is to be called to the aid of abortive Conference in the struggle to save disarmament, or, at any rate, the faces that have been lost over it. The rest of his speech was devoted to disproving, quite superfluously, some statement of Mr. Lansbury that this country is trafficking heavily in armaments.

Then came the turn of Sir Herbert Samuel, now, along with the bulk of the Fatuous Free Traders, an ornament of the Opposition. He said, quite rightly, that such frequent critics of the

Government should direct their darts from across the House, but did not say why he had taken such a long time to reach that conclusion or how his followers reconciled their desire to strike at the Government with the fact that they had been elected to strike for it.

Mr. Winston Churchill twitted the Prime Minister with being responsible for what is called the MacDonald Plan of disarmament, but leaving to Sir John Simon the thankless task of making the impossible work. This drew Sir John to his feet to explain that he shared full responsibility for the authorship of the MacDonald Plan. One might ask, in that case, why it was not called the MacDonald-Simon Plan.

Perhaps, after the fate of the Simon Commission report there is a certain unwillingness to call anything after the Foreign Secretary.

Mr. McGovern interrupted the ceremonies in the Lords with uncouth shouts. It has been done before, e.g., by Mr. Kirkwood, and no notice was taken. Mr. McGovern afterwards tried to pretend that he was a prey to ungovernable emotions, but he plays the back-street tough too often and too calculatingly to get credit for any emotions other than the desire to advertise himself to his Clydeside constituents.

Of the King's Speech, one paragraph will meet with general approval. It talks of Ministers bringing the nation "step by step" to conditions which will permit the easing of its present burdens. One is reminded of the story of the rustic Boy Scout who, being asked by an inspecting officer what steps he would take if he saw a force of enemy cavalry approaching, replied "B——y long ones, Mister." If the Government must go step by step, we can only hope they will be—well, moderately long ones.

The Rising Generation

You who, post-war, have known no other England
But that degenerate pale travesty
Of British Empire rule,
Where each born fool
Succeeds to each—creature of compromise—
And prates of "world opinion" and democracy:
You who,—yours the misfortune, not the fault—
Have never known that Britain of pre-war
Supremacy, how can
You judge the man
Who, having seen the two, proclaims that he
Wants to return to what we used to be before?
J. LONSDALE BRYANS.

Training as a Sleuth

A Detective Experience in "The Trouble"

By Lt.-Col. Cyril Foley

IN May, 1920, I met a friend of mine who was in command at the Castle, Dublin and he suggested that I should join the Secret Service and help him round up Mr. Michael Collins and his followers who, having been marked down and successfully caught and imprisoned, had been subsequently released by a Government gesture which appeared magnanimous, but which was in reality actuated by cowardly motives.

I consented, and was sent to Hounslow to learn my duties.

I am not of course going to divulge anything which is in the slightest degree secret, and shall only speak of my experiences whilst attempting to learn the science and system of tracking individuals. You are sent out in pairs, and a description of the "quarry" is given you. His height, dark or fair, clothes he is wearing, tie, hat, boots, colour of his eyes, in fact, just details of his personal appearance. He is of course a detective and reports on your performance.

At my first attempt, my colleague and I were ordered to go to Earl's Court Station, and told that the "quarry" would arrive there between 10.30 and 1 o'clock. We had to recognise and follow him. We arrived in good time and found there were two staircases. They were not, at that time, moving ones. Now it seems easy enough for one of us to have stood at the top of each staircase, and so make a certainty of spotting the "quarry." As a matter of fact I could not have believed that anything could have been so difficult. People poured up the stairs literally in hundreds, and when time was up at 1 o'clock we had failed.

Sleuth and Quarry

Next morning at the "call-over" we had to explain what steps we had taken, and then the "quarry" was called up.

"I passed Colonel Foley at 12.47 at the head of the left-hand stairs. I nearly touched him. There was a big crowd."

As far as we were concerned it had been a complete failure. Next time I was sent out alone to a smaller station on the Hounslow line and managed to spot my man. He was carrying a small swagger cane à la George Robey, and turned right-handed on leaving the station in the direction of Hounslow.

I followed him at about fifty yards distance when suddenly, to my horror, he nipped on to a passing bus and climbed on to its roof. As his back was therefore turned towards me I ran after the bus as hard as I could. I shall never forget that run. It was a frightfully hot day in June. Conscious of my previous failure I put in all I knew for about three hundred yards, but the beastly bus accelerated, and I had to give it up.

Luckily another one passed and I sprang on to it, falling at full length in doing so. I told the conductor I had a great friend in the bus in front and he told me I might catch it at the next stop. This I managed to do, and sat inside where I could command the stairway. After a while the "quarry" got down and I followed.

Determined not to be done again I closed the gap to about twenty-five yards, when suddenly the "quarry" stopped short and swinging his little light cane remained standing on the pavement looking at the traffic. It was an awful moment, but luckily I had a brain wave for which I got full marks next day. I noticed a letter box in the wall just opposite the door of the Isleworth brewery in front of which the "quarry" was standing.

The Loud Stare

I had two letters to post, so I produced them and crossing the street almost in front of him, posted them. That gave me time. Now what to do next?

I noticed a very old man sitting in the bay of a wall opposite the brewery, and walking up to him said, pointing at the building, "Is that the Isleworth brewery?" He stared vacantly at me. I asked him again, only louder. He continued to stare at me, only louder, if you know what I mean.

Conversation at the moment being of paramount importance to me, I then fairly roared at him "Is—that—the—Isleworth—Brewery?" Still not a word. He was stone deaf!

When I described the scene next morning at the "call-over" I naturally supposed that it would be greeted with some show of sympathy at least. Instead of that it was greeted with screams of laughter, the like of which I have never listened to before or since.

I regret to say that the Instructor who had been in the Secret Service for twenty years was in such convulsions that all he could say was: "Come nearer Colonel Foley, I don't want to miss a word of this."

The Murderer

But to continue my story. I was done. I could do nothing but walk away and turn down the first available street from which I peeped out just in time to see the "quarry" board another bus.

I became desperate and springing on to a motor lorry gave the man five shillings and told him I was a detective (by that time I looked like one), and that there was a murderer in the bus in front. He said "Gor' blimey," and nearly ran into eight different things not counting lamp-posts in the next five minutes. I eventually ran the "quarry" to ground in the Hounslow station lavatory, and walking up to him said "I've had enough of this," which was indeed true.

The Scottish Motor Show

Armstrong Siddeley Reliability

By Kaye Don

THE Scottish Motor Show, which is being held this week at the Kelvin Hall, Glasgow, is the most complete which has yet been held in Scotland. Practically every British manufacturer is represented there. From a commercial point of view, however, there is one very essential difference from Olympia.

At Olympia it is the manufacturers themselves who take the stands where their representatives and agents are to be found. At the Kelvin Hall, it is, on the whole, the agents who are the exhibitors, with the result that an example of each make of car for which the trader holds the agency is on view. The customer likes to deal directly with the local agent instead of the sales-manager of the comparatively impersonal manufacturer.

One exhibit which will interest everybody and perhaps specially the younger generation, is a six H.P. Daimler owned by King Edward when Prince of Wales in 1899. This is only one of several veteran cars, most of which are still capable of making some twenty m.p.h.

The whole impression given by the Show was of sound genuine business without any flash-in-the-pan effects.

The New Siddeley

The successful debut of the New Siddeley Special is in a large measure due to the confidence which the man who buys a £1,000 car has in Siddeley aero engines. The designers of the Siddeley Special 30 h.p. engine have produced just what was wanted in a high class car—a light engine which will maintain its performance without any need for tuning, by using Hiduminium and following aircraft practice. One of the latest orders is from Sir Alan Cobham.

An aero engine is often held up to the motorist as a marvellous example of dependability, but it is not always pointed out that for most of its life it has the advantages of operating at a constant load, with a partially closed throttle and in a medium where dust and mud do not exist. Compare its lot with the conditions under which a motor car operates, consider the vibration to which the latter is subject, the constant variation of load, the dirty roads on which it runs and the lack of attention it receives. Is not the standard of reliability attained under such conditions even more wonderful than that which prevails with the aero engine?

These remarks arise from some figures comparing the performance of Armstrong Siddeley cars and aero engines. The latter regularly run for 500-600 hours before the cylinders are removed for decarbonising. At even as low a speed as 100 m.p.h. the time represents a distance of 50,000-60,000 miles between overhauls. At first sight such a performance appears beyond the capabilities of the average car, but recent reports from Armstrong Siddeley owners prove the contrary.

In one instance an owner states that his car covered 108,000 miles without a failure on the road. In another a distance of 28,000 miles was covered with only one replacement which cost 1s. 2d. Another car did 60,000 miles without being decarbonised and 100,000 in all, while in the last case an owner claims that 51,000 miles were covered without a top overhaul being necessary.

"The Great Surrender"

What Pacifism has Cost

ON November 21st, 1918, the German High Sea Fleet surrendered to Admiral Beatty off the Firth of Forth. The joy of victory was tempered for those who witnessed the spectacle. There was sadness in this end of what had once been a proud and great Service, since the end had been brought about by the insidious poison of propaganda.

Infinitely more tragic is the manner in which our own Navy has been surrendered in the past fifteen years at the instigation of pacifist propaganda. These fifteen years have cost our Navy immeasurably more than defeat cost the Imperial German Navy.

Fifteen years ago Germany surrendered 10 battleships, 6 battle cruisers, 8 cruisers and 50 destroyers. We have surrendered 38 battleships, 6 battle cruisers, over 70 cruisers, and over 250 destroyers. . . .

Nor is that all. We have surrendered our freedom of action. Our delegates to successive conferences have succumbed to the cajoleries of other nations and signed treaties, each one more unilateral and unfair than the last.

At Washington our delegates sacrificed 29 capital ships. We did get two instead, but they were of a type dictated to us and unsuitable for our needs. At Washington also they threw the old standards to the winds and accepted parity with the United States, irrespective of the fact that their commitments are in no way comparable to ours.

The London Treaty was ostensibly based on parity, but actually it placed us a bad second. It is significant that the wording of this Treaty places the United States first throughout.

The London Treaty is operative until the end of 1936. Then, unless it is renewed, it will lapse. We must see to it that it is not renewed in its present iniquitous form, for it is a monument to the manner in which we have been betrayed by politicians whose one thought is the surrender of the security of the Empire on the altar of unilateral disarmament.

R.N.

Steeplechasing

A Plea for Fair Play

By David Learmonth

AT the beginning of every national hunt season a deprecatory tone is adopted by certain sections of the Press. We are told not to expect any real sport at least till after Christmas, if at all; that the game as a whole is crooked and, what is worse, dull.

Some writers pursue this attitude throughout the Winter—I remember reading the phrase, "The National Hunt season wends its weary way,"—and nearly all of them abandon the discussion of contemporary steeplechasing in favour of speculation about the coming flat racing season at the earliest opportunity.

I will be fair to the journalists and admit both that the Winter sport is capable of improvement and that there is more public interest in the Jockey Club code. But I do say that it is the duty of racing correspondents to do their utmost to popularise steeplechasing instead of going out of their way to decry it. Particularly is it the duty of those writers employed by firms which have interests in evening newspapers.

Attractions of Steeplechasing

At present the sale of the sporting editions of these publications drops considerably during the Winter, a fact directly attributable to the smaller interest in National Hunt racing. It is obviously to the proprietors' advantage that steeplechasing should become as popular as flat racing and this object cannot be achieved by crying "stinking fish."

National Hunt sport has many features which should give it advantages over flat racing from the drawing point of view. (1) the races are run over longer distances; so the spectator gets more actual racing for his money. (2) it is more spectacular, having the additional excitement of the jumps. (3) form works out more truly than on the flat (strange but true!).

There are, moreover, other features calculated to appeal to a more limited section of the public. (1) The distances being further and the weights higher, to say nothing of the existence of fences, the National Hunt test is a sounder one for practical purposes such as the production of hunters and remounts. (2) It is cheaper for the small owner both in the matter of entrance fees and original cost of horses. (3) Owners, instead of being relegated to an arm chair position, can themselves take part. This should create a more sporting atmosphere.

On the other side of the picture we have, (1) The weather, which naturally does not encourage visitors to the same extent as a sunny July afternoon. (2) Periods of frost and flood which interrupt racing and make training difficult. (3) Stakes are smaller. (4) Prices are shorter. (5) The average class of horse engaged is lower.

Here we have roughly the *pros* and *cons*. It is

necessary to examine them more closely to strike a true balance. One must also consider psychological factors before one can make any constructive proposals for elevating the sport.

Assuming the points in favour to be correct and taking only the first three as interesting the majority of the public, it is obvious that steeplechasing has something to offer its patrons which flat racing does not possess. Why, then, is it in the doldrums?

Undoubtedly owing to the adverse factors which I have enumerated with the addition of one or two points which I shall deal with. The weather we cannot expect to alter. Stoppages through frost and flood must needs hamper the sport; but, unless we are becoming much softer as a race, I think the effect of inclement weather upon attendances has been exaggerated. Wind and rain have never stopped the enthusiast. It is lack of interest much more than fear of a cold which has kept down the number of patrons. And it is the lack of support which is responsible for small stakes and cramped prices.

For this attitude on the part of the public a great deal of responsibility must be taken by the Press. It has given the dog a bad name. If certain influential writers realised that with their co-operation stakes could be increased and, therefore, the quality of the horses engaged, and that the market could be widened enabling better prices to be offered, I see no reason why, in a few years, a Winter sport could not be developed whose popularity would be an asset to the newspapers themselves.

Working up Enthusiasm

One has only to compare the popularity of the Grand National with, say, the Cheltenham Gold Cup, Lancashire Steeplechase, and Imperial Cup at Sandown to get an illustration of what I mean. The National, I admit, occupies a place of its own by virtue of the value to the winner and the difficulty of the course. But much of this popularity is stimulated by a prolonged Press campaign and by the fact that there is anti-post betting. Is there any reason why, after adequate preparation and Press co-operation, similar enthusiasm should not be worked up over other National Hunt events?

I know the difficulties of racing journalists, who have to write about what the public prefers to read. I admit that, in the past, a good many unfit horses have turned out during the Winter for a school in public. But many unfit horses run on the flat; only they get tucked away in a large field and pass unnoticed. I do not say National Hunt racing is perfect; but it is not nearly as bad as it is painted and I have always felt that it needs only a fair chance from the popular Press to raise itself into a worthy substitute for the Summer sport.

Grand Old Humbug

The Victorian Agag Walks Delicately

THE Liberal Party is now but a disorganised rabble, a house divided against itself, the remnants of an evil generation still seeking after a sign. But there was a time—it seems to a young man a long time ago—when it misruled the country.

For innumerable years Mr. Gladstone, in his turn, manipulated the Liberal Party. It was even in those days by no means homogeneous but, being a Liberal, he was able to compromise sufficiently with his principles to preside over a Cabinet ranging from moderate progression to the extreme left.

From 1880 onwards the Queen regarded him with increasing and well-merited distrust. She was mortally afraid of what he was going to say in public. "I see you are to attend a banquet at Leeds," she telegraphed in 1881, "Let me express a hope that you will be very cautious not to say anything which might bind you to any particularly measure. Every word is looked for and criticised and the times are serious."

A Necessary Burden

Such messages were frequent and were usually answered by the same formula, that the aged Premier had no wish to make a speech which was "the necessary, though burdensome acknowledgment of a great obligation conferred by that town upon him."

When the Prime Minister considered procrastination essential, however, he was more resourceful. Thus, writing from Mentmore a brief note to General Ponsonby, he says, "I am utterly devoid of paper for writing to Her Majesty." He then hastened to agree to a minor suggestion which Ponsonby had conveyed to him from the Queen.

The Russian menace was checked by the Queen's insistence on firmness, but the conduct of affairs in the Sudan, in spite of her repeated efforts, was deplorable. There were never enough troops in the country to finish the campaign with despatch. For an unbelievable time the military authorities could not make up their minds upon the route to be followed to Khartoum and, after the fall of that city and the death of Gordon, the punitive expedition against the Mahdi was allowed to drag on halfheartedly until another crisis with Russia necessitated the withdrawal of many of the troops.

In his negotiations with the French over the length of our occupation of Egypt, Mr. Gladstone would have given way had it not been for the Queen. "She cannot alter her *decided* opinion that to put any limit to our occupation of Egypt—as *vy fatal* mistake. But to lessen the five years *even*—when the state of Egypt is such that one cannot at all foresee any speedy improvement (in which case other powers wld inevitably step in) wld be most *shortsighted* and truckling to insolent France, & have the *vy* worst effect and results.

—How often and often on many questions within the last few years have her warnings been disregarded & alas! (when too late) justified!

Let this not happen again now!"

A Scathing Letter

It was, in fact, too often that the Queen was right and Mr. Gladstone's Liberal-minded vacillation not only landed us in wars, but might have necessitated the fighting of minor campaigns all over again. Once at least this actually happened.

When, at the beginning of 1885, in the face of a second crisis with Russia, Gladstone ordered the withdrawal of the troops from the Sudan the Queen wrote him a scathing letter.

"After the loss of all the blood and treasure which has been spent, the Queen *cannot* but view the abandonment of this policy without the attainment of any *definite* results, as *painful in the extreme*!—The Queen *always* objected to the relinquishment of his mission by General Graham last year, but her warnings were *disregarded*, & he *consequently* had to reconquer the people who he had overthrown in March 1884!"

The Queen remained always consistently Conservative; but Mr. Gladstone, as time went on, drifted steadily towards the Left. At the end of 1893 she called the attention of the Cabinet to the inadequacy of the country's defences. Gladstone's handling of the situation was such as to call forth the rebuke, "The Queen does not look on measures for our national defence as a political question and regrets that the subject should on Tuesday next be converted into one."

Mr. Gladstone at Sea

But there are amusing moments even in this dismal story. In September 1883 Mr. Gladstone set out with Tennyson on a sea cruise off the coast of Scotland and, without asking the royal consent, proceeded to Copenhagen. There he met the Emperor of Russia, the King of Greece and several other people to whom the Queen was confident he would say too much. Mr. Gladstone, anticipating a smarting rebuke, sought to soften it by honeyed words. His letters to the Queen describing the party refer constantly to "illustrious personages," "Illustrious parties," and are stuffed with other fulsome phrases emphasising his respect for the royal state. One can imagine him, a modern Agag, cringing and rubbing his hands together like a Jew trying to explain away short weight.

But unfortunately the Queen's indignant letter had already been dispatched. Mr. Gladstone had to offer a humble apology and fall back on excuses at which he was an adept. D.L.L.

The Queen and Mr. Gladstone. By Philip Guedalla. Hodder and Stoughton. 25s.

Germany Resurgent

Hitler's Peace Offensive

THESE two books* are typical of many which are being published at the moment and together form, consciously or unconsciously, a not insignificant part of Herr Hitler's great peace offensive, now in full blast.

Some of these volumes give carefully minimised accounts ("put in their proper perspective," is the exculpatory phrase) of the persecution of the Jews, the authenticated atrocities, the concentration camps, brown houses and other repulsive features of the Nazi régime. Indeed, pride is taken in the small number of outrages that have accompanied the "Revolution of 1933" as compared with other revolutions. Most of these books have a common background. They picture a resurgent Germany united, determined and flushed with the spirit of victory under Hitler, demanding her "rights" and certain of getting them.

To Hitler or Not to Hitler

Not all, however, have the same conviction of his absolute success. Thus, the anonymous German author of "Why Nazi?" tells us that "Adolf Hitler either will become a statesman and go down to history as the saviour of the German nation, or he will perish, dragging Germany with him to utter ruin." Such detachment of view gives a special interest to this particular book, and it should be added that the author's historical survey of the Nazi movement is fairly objective except when coloured by his own prepossessions.

Like other writers, however, this author tries to explain, that is, to explain away the very evident development to-day of German militarism. He asserts that the rise and spread of the "soldierly spirit" in Germany was caused not by the desire to overcome national humiliation by establishing an army to break the chains of the Versailles Treaty, but by the general feeling that the country was being allowed to disintegrate in a moral as well as a political sense by the weakness of the Weimar Republic. Even so, must it not be asked what is to happen now that a strenuous Hitlerism has replaced an ineffective republic, now that the rot has been stopped? The question is simple: is it peace or war?

Readers of the *Saturday* are well aware of the way in which it regards Mr. Vernon Bartlett, and it is sufficient to say of his book that it is nothing more or less than a huge amplification of a certain notorious broadcast which disgusted or infuriated a great number of people not long ago. And is it not just too barefaced of him to allege that it is unfair, seeing that "Mein Kampf" was written years before Hitler's triumph, to judge him by that book, when the truth is that it is precisely

since that triumph that the book has been sold by the million in Germany? Why was it banned *this year* in Poland and Czechoslovakia? Because it is, as it was, the Hitler Gospel of a passionately resurgent Germany.

R. M.

* *Why Nazi?* Anonymous. Faber. 7s. 6d.
Nazi Germany Explained. By Vernon Bartlett. Gollancz. 5s.

An Infant on Horse-back

IF you do not mind a definitely "precocious" book* or regret too much that a very young girl should be encouraged to exhibit herself publicly as a sort of infant prodigy of pen and pencil, then you will appreciate very much what Miss Bowes-Lyons has done.

It is undeniably clever, interesting, and remarkable. It is also, here and there, deliciously naïf. For, at the age of twelve, she has written a complete volume about horses and riders, seats, hands, bits, bridles, saddles, boots, breeches and stable management; and she has illustrated it all herself.

Inevitably there is nothing new or startling in what she has to say. It is all common knowledge garnered from the experience of others. But it is all perfectly sound and accurate.

The exact reproduction of the author's handwriting, spelling and misspelling, of her illustrations complete with any crudities attached to them may give you an extra interest in the book—again, if you are not "put off" by the sort of precocity that made rather a poor joke even of "The Young Visitors."

* *Horsemanship As It Is To-day.* By Sarah Bowes-Lyon. Illustrated by the Author. Dent. 7s. 6d.

QUEEN ELIZABETH.—A vital play that breathes the Glory and the wonder of her Reign has been written by "The Lion and the Unicorn." It shows how she fostered the eternal Pioneer Spirit and built up her Navy—now bared to the bone. It will carry the greatness of the Spirit of England from end to end of the Empire. All those of British stock, willing to help forward its Production, please communicate with the Producer, c/o THE SATURDAY REVIEW, 18/20, York Buildings, Adelphi, W.C.2.

DARLINGTON'S HANDBOOKS

"Nothing better could be wished for."—*British Weekly*.
 Best Maps and Illustrations

2/- Edinburgh & Environs	2/- Harr. gate, York, Ripon
2/- The Severn Valley	2/- The Wye Valley
2/- North Wales Coast	2/- Isle of Wight
2/- Chester and Llangollen	2/- Llandudno & Colwyn Bay
2/- Bristol, Bath, Wells	2/- The Channel Islands
2/- Ilfracombe, Clowelly, L'nt'n	2/- Brighton and S. Coast
2/- Torquay & Paignton	2/- The Norfolk Broads
2/- Buxton and the Peak	2/- Plymouth & Exeter
2/- Lausanne, Geneva, Vevey, Montreux, Territet.	2/-
2/- Berne, Bernese Oberl'd	2/- The Lake of Geneva
2/- Lucerne & Environs	2/- Rhone V'ly & Zermatt
2/- The French Riviera	2/- The Italian Riviera
2/- Paris, Lyons, Rhone V'ly	2/- Chamonix & Environs
2/- Zurich & the Engadine	2/- St. Moritz, Davos, Pont'n.
2/6 Motor-car Roadbook and the Hotels of the World	2/6
Llangollen—Darlington & Co.	London—Simpkins
Railway Bookstalls and all Booksellers	

The Absolute Buchman These "Altogether Too Cocksure" Converts

BUCHMANISM, as the Oxford Group Movement is popularly called, has come to town. Bishops disagree about it, and the penny papers make copy of the new converts, who have become Changed (with a capital C)—or, as the old-fashioned Evangelicals used to say, convicted of sin and converted. But in spite of this recent expansion, there is still some confusion and uncertainty as to what the Movement actually stands for, and therefore it is useful to have this anonymous (but unfortunately entirely uncritical and adulatory) statement of the position it takes up. *What is the Oxford Group?* By the Layman with a Notebook; with a Foreword by L. W. Grensted, Oriel Professor of the Philosophy of the Christian Religion. (Humphrey Milford; Oxford University Press. 2s. 6d. net).

The four corners of the Buchman creed are defined as Absolute Honesty, Absolute Purity, Absolute Unselfishness, and Absolute Love. There would be a good deal to say did space permit as to the practicality of these absolute postulates in a social world that is made up of relative situations and a whole wilderness of local and individual problems; but there is much more to Buchmanism than this.

The Acid Test of Guidance

To these four Absolutes must be added the distinguishing mark of the whole movement, what the author calls "the important solution of God-guidance; the acid test of the good and the wisdom of our intentions and the arbitrator of our decisions." Now this is a very different, and frankly a much more doubtful proposition altogether.

Are we so certain of the Movement as to be sure that God actually guides it, either as a corporate unit or as a collocation of enthusiastic and undoubtedly sincere individuals? Are we so certain of our own natures as to be sure that, when we have surrendered to the Movement (or, as they would say, to God) the things that we then want to do are "God-guided"—that is to say, directly inspired by God for divine and not merely personal or human ends?

Is it not possible that we are simply assuming the sanction and approval of Jehovah for our individual ambitions and desires; exactly as Torquemada did when he condemned heretics under the Inquisition, and the ex-German Emperor when he assured his troops that God was with them and against the Allies (who eventually won the war)?

Assumptions of this kind are almost always sincere, but they are so often merely disguised egotism seeking to justify itself by reference to an authority which cannot in the nature of things be put into the box and cross-examined that they run a grave risk of being either ridiculous or dangerous pieces of self-deception.

There seems to me, in short, altogether too much

Ego in the Buchman Cosmos, and the individual pride which it professes to root out and destroy may easily revenge itself by returning magnified and distorted through an imagined reference to an implied Will of God that is presumed to have approved it.

It is precisely this concealed egotism that accounts for one rather conspicuous omission in the Buchman credo—the feeling of awe and wonder of the unseen which leads to the worship of the Unknown God. These converts who are Changed seem altogether too cocksure about themselves, and incidentally about the approval of the Almighty—the true saints are not, I fancy, on quite such familiar terms with high heaven.

Buchmanism, in short, like every other religious revival that has ever been, has its good and evil side. It brings comfort and happiness and probably strength and unity of purpose to its devotees. But these things are themselves relative, not absolute; and in its catalogue of Four Absolutes I do not notice that it includes the Truth.

The Delicious Miss Newberry

A Young Lady of 1869 and Her "Snips"

THIS book makes fascinating reading for anyone who has a romantic mind.

Skipping back sixty years by the mere turning of a few pages, we learn of the life and habits of a young lady of fashion in the year 1869.

"The youngest Miss Newberry," as she describes herself must, indeed, have been an attractive person, for, although only fifteen when we meet her, she has charm, wit and intelligence, and writes with a fluent pen, rival enough for any of our so-called bright young women of to-day.

Could they have handled with such tact the love-sick "Snips," and frantic Mamas? Even Jerome Buonaparte was half in love with her himself, and told her the inner story of the Charge of the Light Brigade.

Her delicious humour bubbles up when one least expects it, as when she is describing music which she adores.

"Music is to me a sixth sense; something indefinable, inexpressible, which causes me the most intense feeling of mingled pain and pleasure; if it were not almost or quite irreverent, I should say that the music in heaven will be the best part of it."

Again, impishly: "I never was afraid of the dark, and have always enjoyed breaking looking-glasses because the servants are always in such a state."

Against terrific odds; the death of her beloved father, the burning of her home in the Chicago fire, and the weary, incomprehensible illness that finally gets the better of her, she keeps her chin high, and it is only towards the end of the diary that her outlook darkens.

Read this, and as Clemence Dane says in her introduction, "Julia Newberry lives again and gives back life to the people she loved and the world over which she chuckled."

E. V. T.

**Julia Newberry's Diary.* Selwyn & Blount.

Dame Madge Kendal Looks Back

THERE are people who resent growing old, and in growing older and older are peevish enough to resent the manifestations of youth. If you remind them that they were once young themselves they will resent the intellectual implication that they are intolerant. If you suggest that Blake was marvellously wise when he remarked that exuberance is beauty, they will either (a) challenge Blake's aphorism and deny its truth or (b) ride away on some side-issue in the interpretation of the word itself, so that Blake is lost.

I suspect that Dame Madge Kendal, venerable and widely honoured, does not always look with kindly eyes on the caperings of youth. I can hear her say, "When I was young, my dear, we did not do such things. We knew how to behave." I suspect that feminine emancipation, as symbolised in the very short skirts worn a few years ago and now already out of fashion, represented to her an attitude of mind essentially frivolous, if not degenerate and morally depraved. When I turn over the pages of her book of reminiscences* and read that "no actress can speak sentiment in curtailed clothing; it requires the majestic sweeping of a train or, at any rate, something down to the ankles to suggest romance," I ask myself the meaning of sentiment, of majesty, of romance, and wonder for a moment if *autres temps, autres mœurs* really brings a change of language and moral valuations.

Does Old Age Mellow?

When in the same page I read this observation (à propos of Forbes Robertson's generous estimation of the younger generation): "I cannot, even in my old age, to win popularity, be as good-natured as my kinsman who sees in the present drama a great advance in the plays and in the cleverness of the actors of to-day. I also do see clever young people, but I always feel that they lack all sincerity in their work"—when I read such a sentence, and the qualifying sentence with which it is followed, I wonder how much old age has really profited from the varied experiences of a full and busy life. "The acting in those days," says Dame Madge, "travelled from the brain to the heart and from the heart to the brain. To-day, much of it does not reach as high as the heart, but seems rather to be *below the belt*" (the italics are hers).

Even our poor little parlour-maids do not escape the scorpions of the illustrious dame: "When I think of her (some old devoted family servant) I cannot help contrasting her with the ladies who wait on us to-day—with knees uncovered, throat exposed, hair cut short, and their eyes invariably covered with spectacles—who have never offered to give up their afternoon or evening out. What my own dear Susan would have said to them, or they have said to her, only the angels in heaven would be able to record." Registry offices are among the institutions condemned. "It often

happened in those early days," Dame Madge writes, "that a woman, walking in the street with a man, looked up and, seeing the registrar's office, said, 'It will cost you half-a-crown to make me an honest woman. Will you do it?' Many men did."

From registry offices to mixed marriages is but a step. Dame Madge makes no bones about it. "I have never seen it turn out satisfactorily; their children are a strange mixture of both: generous one moment, very mean in other moments: changing their minds; often clever and unscrupulous." Her diatribes are, it must be confessed, occasionally exhilarating. But one can forgive the most solemn of them for this digression:

Sister Susie built her hopes
On the books of Marie Stopes.
But, I fear, from her condition,
She must have read the wrong edition.

H.H.

* Dame Madge Kendal, by Herself. John Murray. 10s. 6d.

Romance of the White Rose. By Grant R. Francis, F.S.A. John Murray. 18s.

This is, in very truth, a Jacobite Portrait Gallery and a complete account of the Jacobite movement, from Bonnie Dundee to Culloden and after. For those who have their open, or sneaking sympathy with the Stuarts, and who treasure the romantic image of Prince Charlie, this is a fascinating book. For others it is a record well worth study.



Definitely
Superior
for all
occasions

BOOTH'S

THE ONLY

Matured

DRY GIN

The Mastery of Huberman

Chamber Music in Queen's Hall

By Herbert Hughes

A QUEER, engaging little person is Bronislaw Huberman. A Polish gnome born with a fiddle in his hands. His strange eyes look through and past you as he talks of the art he loves. Music to him is ever more significant, more important, than *réclame*.

If he talks to you—or, rather, at you—of right and wrong editions, of Guarneri or Stradivari, it is always in relation to perfection, perfection of some sort. Perfection is the passionate quest of his life. It is the *idée fixe* which fires the brain of that fragile-looking body.

He dreams of a world in which culture of the arts and of literature is not a political creed spelt with a German K, but the natural birthright and inclination of human beings, of a world without frontiers and barriers, a world at peace.

Call him purist if you will, but only an idealist could have designed and carried out a programme so exquisite as that of his recent concert in Queen's Hall. For the Bach and Handel works we were back in the eighteenth century, the only anachronism being the modern grand piano.

Here was a picked orchestra of fifteen string-players playing the immortal E major Concerto No. 2 as Bach himself must have willed it to be played, without your prima-donna conductor, but with the soloist himself occasionally marking the time with his bow or with a slight nodding of the head.

The Magic of Personality

There was no stunting about it. It was the very antithesis of ostentation, the very perfection of ensemble. How much they had practised together I do not know; probably not a great deal; yet it must be many a long day since chamber music of this type with an orchestra of this proportion had been played just in this way without a conductor. By the magic of the little man's personality the Queen's Hall had, for the time being, become a small room, and the music truly intimate.

I am heretic enough not to care greatly for sonatas and partitas for solo fiddle or 'cello. Bach himself was definitely stunting when he wrote fugal movement for this sort of performance. Not even Casals or Suggia, Kreisler or Yehudi Menuhin can intrigue me into believing that they were altogether noble and worth writing. Patches of great beauty do not excuse the exhibition of mere technique in composition with which these pieces abound.

Yet, feeling this deeply, I confess Huberman's playing of the Adagio and Fuga from Bach's fifth Sonata (C major) held me willingly to my seat. I could only wonder at the ease with which the fiddler surmounted the tremendous difficulties

of that work and how, at the same time, with unerring taste, he preserved the classical manner.

With Huberman at this concert was Maria Basilides, contralto of the Budapest Opera, who sang arias of Bach and Handel to his *obbligato* accompaniment, either with piano or the aforesaid string orchestra. A charming singer, with the same serious concern for her art.

A Strad Viola

For the performance of the two Brahms songs—*Gestillte Sehnsucht* and *Geistliches Wiegenlied*—for contralto and viola, in which he collaborated with the singer. Huberman brought to England with him one of "the seven existing Stradivari violas." He had not, I am told, played the viola in London before. Here, again, there was utter perfection of understanding between the two soloists.

Unfortunately, the pianist played the characteristic piano part so softly throughout, apparently from a mistaken notion that it was of little account, that he might have been playing in an adjoining room. The rich texture of Brahms's harmony was lost, and we had the songs transformed into duets between the singer and the viola player. This was the one error in a remarkable concert.

On the following afternoon the Sunday Orchestral Concerts began with a flourish of Wagnerian trumpets. Sir Thomas Beecham made the Venusberg music dance and gyrate like mad and did all that was necessary with the excerpts from *Siegfried*, *The Flying Dutchman* and the rest. Eva Turner brilliantly survived Sir Thomas's overwhelming enthusiasm in the *Liebestod*.

WANTED for established herd of dairy cattle, Partner, either sex, with or without capital, but must be prepared to take coat off and be genuinely keen on work. —Box No. 250, THE SATURDAY REVIEW, 18/20, York Buildings, Adelphi, W.C. 2.

Direct subscribers who are changing their addresses are asked to give the earliest possible notification to the "Saturday Review," 18-20, York Buildings, Adelphi, W.C.2.

The Theatre

The Entresol of High Comedy

THERE has already been a lot of rather vague and muddled writing to the effect that the revival of this excellent playlet of Mr. Coward suffers from the curse of "dating." I have seen the work described as if it were a stage representation of those elusive psychological phenomena, the Bright Young People.

It is nothing of the kind. It is a very pleasant and light fantasy about people who are bright in a charmingly impossible manner, whether they be young or old—a sort of entresol of high comedy. Therefore, it does not and cannot date in the sense in which the play of fashion can be said to lose significance when presented outside its age.

Mr. Coward has been witty without writing any outstanding lines. It is rather the picture he presents of his characters than what the characters say that constitutes the quality of his comedy. It is nevertheless very good comedy, and great fun.

I did not see the original production, and am therefore unembarrassed by any tendency to make comparisons. Miss Collier's was—perhaps inevitably—the outstanding performance. She has a sense of irony, a sense of preposterousness, and she is an experienced actress. Yet, on second thoughts, I would place as high Mr. Cowley as the father, perpetually on the verge of irritation. Mr. Alan Napier was good as the bewildered diplomat, and Miss Helen Spencer (who contrived to look most unfortunately unattractive) did pretty well on the whole.

It is necessary to say that Messrs. Hargrave Pawson (Sandy Tyrell) and Louis Hayward (Simon Bliss) should learn not to act before it is too late.

This play should really be a pick-me-up. It turns out, taken by and large, to be only a revival. A.P.

Hay Fever, by Noel Coward. Shaftesbury Theatre.

Inimitable Miss Lillie

THERE is a lot to be said for this revue. It has plenty of colour, plenty of dancing, plenty of singing, plenty of humour, and—Miss Beatrice Lillie. I like Miss Lillie. Hers is a type of humour which has an edge to it. It calls for a little thought, and the slight effort required to fathom the inner subtleties gives one a tinge of satisfaction which combines well with laughter. Then, also, there is Mr. Lupino Lane to supply humour of the broader sort. He cartoons remarkably well and always manages to get the utmost fun out of every situation.

For the rest, Mr. Frank Lawton sings and dances mincingly, and Miss Iris Lloyd and Miss Betty Norton had attractive numbers of which they made the most.

But it was Miss Lillie's show. If you don't like colour, or dancing, or singing, or humour, you still must go to hear Miss Lillie "apologise."

Please. Savoy Theatre.

P.K.

Whimsical But—

I WAS a very remarkable person when I saw this play; because I thought I had an idea of what the author had meant to do. Very few other people in the audience had any idea at all; which is why I have qualified my self glorification. In other words, I have no notion whether I was even approximately right.

The author, who lays the scene of his whimsicality—I quote his own description—in a circus, appears to have actually attempted to be whimsical. The trouble is that very few playwrights can write whimsicalities, and he is certainly not one of them.

Not one of them, at any rate, who is likely to appeal to English tastes. Had I been witnessing a touring company or knockabout troupe at Toulouse or in the environs of Lyons, I might have adapted myself to the local sense of humour and managed to stay till the end. As it was, I sat gloomily doing quite the most unpleasant duty which has fallen my lot for many years.

Morris Harvey and Hay Petrie worked hard in heartbreaking parts. That, I am afraid, is all I can say, except that this mercifully short production was preceded by Miss Penelope Spencer in a series of dance sketches, of which I liked best the impression of the late Florence Mills to music by Constant Lambert. D.L.L.

Let Me Play With You, by Marcel Achard, adapted by Edgar Holt. Little Theatre.

NOT for nothing have Sandeman been dealing in Sherry for over 100 years. Not for nothing does the name **SANDEMAN** stand out like a sign-post in the Sherry Market, pointing the way to the finest selection of sherries you could wish. Sherries of every kind, for every occasion and every purpose.



**SANDEMAN
SHERRY**

GEO. G. SANDEMAN SONS & CO., LTD., 20 St. Swithin's Lane, E.C.4

The Exchange Tangle

The Dollar's Threat to British Markets

[By Our City Editor]

AFTER a brief hesitation to gain a glimpse of the effects of his dollar depreciation policy, President Roosevelt seems once again to be bent on devaluing American currency to something like \$6 to the £ and it is impossible to ignore the threat which the move constitutes to British trade. Already certain South African importers are reported to be turning towards the United States for their requirements owing to the low prices which American producers are able to quote with their costs to be met only in dollars of low international value, and doubtless similar moves are being made elsewhere.

What will determine the issue is the rate at which costs rise in America. When labour and production costs generally rise in line with the fall in the dollar, Britain has little to fear. Meanwhile British and Empire markets should be protected to the utmost possible degree.

At home the evidence of reviving trade is strong enough, particularly in the heavy industries and this week the Powell Duffryn Steam Coal Company, the huge South Wales combine, announces an interim dividend on its ordinary shares, the first payment to be made since 1926. It will be a hindrance not only to Britain but to the Empire and the world as a whole if the trade revival which is taking place is frustrated even for a time by America's currency gamble.

Meanwhile, a disturbing feature is the weakness of the franc and France's budgetary crisis, and other internal troubles are helping to render her adherence to gold exceedingly difficult in the face of America's effort to force her off the standard.

If France is driven off gold, the whole currency system of the world will be a detached floating mass which can only find a safe harbour in stabilisation and it is unlikely to be reached without some battling for position with extreme fluctuations in the leading exchanges. The holder of gold shares must, in this event, put his trust in the huge gold holdings of the Central Banks and the necessity for their providing profits with which to liquidate internal indebtedness in France and America in particular.

Newfoundland's Finances

It has long been known that Newfoundland was far from sound financially; but the British Government's proposals to save the Dominion were hardly expected to be of such a drastic nature. The holders of Newfoundland bonds are offered conversion into a 3 per cent. British Government guaranteed stock with full trustee status and running for thirty years, failing which they can retain their present holdings on the non-trustee portion of which no interest can be paid and no part of the principal redeemed for an indefinite period, i.e., so long as there remains any obligation by New-

foundland to the United Kingdom in respect of the latter's undertakings.

The conversion, therefore, is a forced one and while holders may resent the drastic "cut" in interest and the possible loss of a portion of their capital, they have the consolation that they will be the possessors of a full British Government stock, saleable at a price which the Dominion's securities could never have commanded once the full facts of her financial plight had come to light.

Lending Abroad

The Government is certainly blamed by no one for watching British interests in guarding the sterling exchange by all possible means. With this laudable object in view and when the £ seemed in danger of being driven into the depths by pressure abroad, the Treasury imposed an embargo on the lending of British capital abroad and on any transaction which would mean the export of British funds. But surely the time has come when the embargo might be at least partially removed.

No longer is there the need for guarding the £—rather is it necessary to discourage foreigners from employing London as the home for floating balances which have proved a nuisance in the past and will doubtless be also an encumbrance in the future by reason of their liability to sudden withdrawal. British capital is awaiting employment if only it can help to employ British labour.

It would seem therefore to be most necessary that lending abroad for the purpose of productive works should be stimulated, provided always that the loan, or a large proportion of it, would be utilised in the purchase of British goods and British services. In the case of the recent Danish loan the Treasury made an important exception to its embargo rule and a valuable contract was secured for Britain. More of such exceptions would prove welcome, for it is idle to pretend that there is no employment abroad for British capital and British products.

Australian Bank Shares

With the recovery in commodity prices which has taken place during the past few months, and particularly in the price of wool, the shares of Australian banks have naturally come into some favour as likely "lock-ups" for recovery. The yields on present dividend rates are very low, for the dividends have suffered severe reductions during the period of depression.

Security values, however, have recovered in Australia as in this country and the ample provision which the Australian banks have made against contingencies will no doubt stand them in good stead in enabling substantial dividend rates to be resumed when the full effects of recovery are felt.

Correspondence

The Real Dr. Goebbels

SIR,—Your two articles on Germany's aims (the article by Dr. Goebbels and the French reply) merit the widest possible publicity. With a Chancellor who is putting forward a profoundly peaceful policy, speaking on behalf of a Government which has all its news officially controlled, it is of the first importance for international understanding that every effort should be made to discover what the real Germany is like behind the official façade, and what is, in fact, its real foreign policy.

There is nothing in Dr. Goebbels' present article which is other than a modest instalment of all that he has stood for since he became a member of the Nazi Party, nor indeed anything that Herr Hitler himself did not propagate during the years and up to the moment of his taking office as Chancellor.

Let every possible search be made in order to get at the truth. There can be no wise British or European policy which does not watch Germany's official propaganda with the most careful scrutiny.

No adult person is likely to forget the contribution of German militarism to the world war of 1914-18.

Your readers may be interested to know that Friends of Europe have set themselves the task of publishing, in pamphlet form, such reliable information as they are able to obtain from Germany which has a bearing upon the future of Europe and of the British Empire.

These pamphlets include the following:—

Hitler and Arms, by J. L. Garvin.

Hitler, Germany and Europe, by a German diplomat.

The Future in Europe, by Wickham Steed.

Germany Re-arming, and the Military Preparedness of German Industry, by German writers, and

Speeches on Germany, with a special Foreword by Sir Austen Chamberlain.

The full set is obtainable at 10d., post free, from Friends of Europe, 97, St. Stephen's House, Westminster, S.W.1.

RENNIE SMITH.

Out-of-Date Generals

SIR,—Is our unfortunate Army always destined to be mismanaged by out-of-date, narrow minded and prejudiced sexagenarian Generals?

The latest exploit of these old fogeys is to discourage Artillery officers from associating themselves with mechanisation, by getting rid of those who do.

Since March of last year, between 20 and 30 senior majors of the Royal Regiment recommended for promotion by their commanding officers, who knew them well, have for some apparent reason been suddenly refused all further promotion and had their careers abruptly terminated. This injustice has been perpetrated by a collection of six old generals of an average age of over 60, sitting in the War Office and known as the Selection Board. Especially did these old gentlemen make a dead set against those majors who, having been keen enough to go in for mechanisation, were actually commanding mechanised Batteries when they came up for promotion. Out of 16 only 5 were promoted, the remainder having to go on retired pay. In contrast to this, those who happened to be commanding batteries pulled by horses (always beloved of old generals) fared much better, only 4 or 5 out of 30 being rejected.

Are we to believe, then, that the only way to avoid premature retirement from the Gunners as a major is to get back to the old horses and avoid like the plague these horrible new-fangled mechanical contrivances?

JOHN Q. ROBERTSON.

Barkston Gardens, S. Kensington.

COMPANY MEETING

ELECTRIC & MUSICAL INDUSTRIES

PERIOD OF PROFIT-MAKING IN SIGHT

The second ordinary general meeting of Electric and Musical Industries, Ltd. was held yesterday at Winchester House, Old Broad-street, London, E.C.

MR. ALFRED CLARK (the chairman) who presided, said:

We are here to-day to present accounts which once more show a trading loss by the subsidiary companies, but, serious as it is, it is substantially less than the loss we faced last year. I hope that you will be able to leave this meeting with the feeling that the end of adverse trading, if not actually with us, is well within sight, and that we are about to enter upon a period of profit-making.

The chairman, having dealt with the restrictions on trade, continued:

The policy of reorganisation coupled with economies has been actively pursued, and it is to this work that we must attribute the reduction in the trading losses. In a number of the minor territories, where we have been unable to anticipate a possibility of profitable trading in the near future, branches have been closed.

In May and June, however, a distinct change came about, and sales began substantially to increase, but the upward movement arrived too late in the trading year to be of advantage to our present figures. Not only was this advance in business shown in the British Isles, but it was also noticeable in exports to, and trade in, some of the foreign countries. I am very happy, indeed, to be able to tell you that this increased business has since been maintained. The demand for the company's products has been such as, barring unforeseen setbacks, augurs well for the balance of the year.

Our turnover is undoubtedly the largest in the industry here, and our goods are of that same high quality which established and maintained the reputation of the companies in the gramophone trade.

Our home business is prospering, and is marching with the general revival of trade in this country.

The amount transferred from reserve to the asset side in the accounts to June 30, 1932, now stands at £1,716,000, against £2,094,000. The difference of £378,000 has been specifically allocated to the writing down of land and buildings, machinery and plant, and furniture and fittings. As explained in the statement, this reserve is one which, in addition to depreciation at normal rates, by which we mean the rates of depreciation which it has been the custom of the companies to apply in the past, is to provide for exceptional losses on factories closed, depreciation in investments in subsidiary companies, and losses incurred by them. During the year we have been unable to dispose of any substantial amount of the assets involved in closed factories. Some £40,000 represents the amount received from the disposals effected, but the market has not been a good one in which to sell property of this kind, and sales were only made when we had reasonable offers.

The item of investments in subsidiary companies has decreased by £130,500. The whole of this decrease represents losses of wholly-owned subsidiary companies which have been written off to profit and loss account, as shown on the other side of the statement.

Stock-in-trade and work in progress is £182,000 less, due to increased efficiency in the factories, enabling them to work with smaller stocks.

Investments in Government securities and cash in hand and at the bank, with a total of £1,458,000, are some £75,000 over last year. This is a very satisfactory feature of our statement, and adds greatly to the strength of the company's position.

We are now operating at a profit, and, if we may assume that during the coming months conditions remain substantially as they have been since last May, then we feel that we shall have turned the corner.

The report and accounts were adopted.

The Cinema

A Film which Satisfies the Eye

By MARK FORREST

THE Twickenham studios have managed to give "The Wandering Jew," which is at the Tivoli this week, plenty of background with the result that, though the picture suffers from other defects, it is always satisfying to the eye. The legend of the Jew who spat upon Christ and was condemned thereafter to continue life, however much he might long for death, until Christ came to him again, must be well-known to most people.

This film, founded on Mr. Temple Thurston's book, shows four stages of his journey through the centuries. The first phase depicts Jerusalem at the time of the death of Christ when the Jew asks Him what he is to do to heal the woman in his house and Christ bids him return her to her husband. The mistress dies, the Jew spits on Christ and is cursed. Marie Ney plays opposite to Conrad Veidt in this episode and, though she is rather harshly photographed, her diction and acting lend the film dignity which it never quite recaptures in the later episodes.

Fine Photography

The second section deals with the Crusades where the Unknown Knight momentarily captures the affections of a Crusader's wife, only to horrify her by his mockery of the Cross. Anne Grey plays the woman here. The third quarter shows the Jew as a merchant in Sicily; here he loses his wife, played by Joan Maude, to the church.

The photography both in this and the final phase when, as a doctor in Spain during the Inquisition, Christ comes to him again and he dies at last, is admirable. Peggy Ashcroft is entrusted with the final scenes as the prostitute, whose words unwittingly lead to the arrest of the doctor who has befriended her. She has the best acting part of the four women and acquits herself well.

A Fault of Construction

Conrad Veidt's performance holds the picture together and his qualities as an actor have never been seen to better advantage recently. If the film drags in places the fault does not lie with him, but with the construction which anchors the sequence of events to one man. There being no link between the centuries but the wandering Jew himself the film is in effect too kaleidoscopic to retain the interest throughout its inordinate length.

"Berkeley Square," the film version of the play, which was so successful both here and in America, is a picture the theme of which is out of the ordinary run; for that reason, if for no other, filmgoers should welcome it. Leslie Howard has again been entrusted with the part of the young man who is so certain of his eighteenth century, and he repeats the sensitive performance which

he gave on the stage. Heather Angel, however, is altogether too much in the twentieth to lend the right touch to this very charming idea.

The Wandering Jew. Directed by Maurice Elvey. Tivoli.

Berkeley Square. Directed by Frank Lloyd. Marble Arch Pavilion.

Broadcasting Notes

Too Much of a Good Thing

IT might have been thought that, since the Sunday programmes are restricted in scope to music and religion, with an occasional sprinkling of Shakespeare, more care and ingenuity would be exercised in devising the programmes for this day in order to avoid dullness than would be necessary on week-days, where the scope is less restricted. But this does not seem to be the case.

Last Sunday on the National and Regional wavelengths we had three male singers, two tenors and a baritone. Nobody could have enjoyed the singing of Dennis Noble and Heddle Nash more than I did, but it is a mistake to lump two such artists into one day and then forget them for a month or two. In addition to this, the London Symphony Orchestra and the B.B.C. Orchestra played on the same evening and on the same wavelength.

Please Work Together

One of the bright boys at Broadcasting House must have noticed this, for next Sunday (November 26th) we are to be treated to three sopranos and a contralto. Moreover, during the subsequent week nearly every broadcasting soprano of importance is coming to the microphone.

I have frequently said in the past, and I see no reason to alter my opinion, that there is a lamentable lack of liaison between the various sections of the music department. It should not be possible in an organisation like the B.B.C. for the ether to be flooded with sopranos one week, deluged with pianists the next, and overwhelmed with orchestras the next. It is irritating to the public, unfair to the artists, and at the best it is rank bad programme building.

As if this were not enough, it will be seen that Roger Quilter's "Go, Lovely Rose" is to be sung three times next week, once by a contralto and twice by tenors. It is a beautiful song, and I am sure they will all sing it very nicely, but I am convinced that had either of the artists known that it was to be sung by someone else, he or she would have deleted it from the programme.

Since, however, the artists are quite possibly unknown to each other, it is the duty of the B.B.C. for its own sake to exercise an intelligent supervision over the material selected by the artists it employs. But that, I fear, is a vain hope.

ALAN HOWLAND.